

THE TRIUMPHANT

A SACRED

P O E M,

In Nine DIALOGUES,

Wherein the utmost Power of

NATURE, REASON, VIRTUE,

AND THE

LIBERTY of the HUMAN WILL,

To administer COMFORT to the awakened SINNER,
are impartially weighed and considered;

AND

The Whole submitted to the serious and candid Perusal of the Reverend Dr. *Nowel* of *Oxford*: the Reverend Dr. *Adams* of *Shrewsbury*: and the Author of *Pietas Oxoniensis*.

By PHILANTHROPOS.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Isaiah, liv. 7, 8.

BIRMINGHAM:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR.
MDCCLXX.

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To the Rev. Mr. *John Ryland* of *Northampton*.

Reverend Sir,

THE care, skill, and unwearied ardour with which you pursue that great, and important employment, the Education of Youth, induce you to attend to every method of instruction, and carefully to explore every way of access to the human Mind.

It is therefore the highest Reason, and most happy Discernment, that determines you, while you are pursuing the cultivation and improvement of those noble intelligent Powers of the Soul, the Reason, Understanding, and Judgment, not to neglect the Imagination and Fancy; those loose and lower faculties of the Mind: for well you know, that if these unsettled Rovers, are not provided for, they are sure to seek out for themselves, and will most certainly introduce such a profusion of all kinds of vanity, as will engage the whole attention of the Mind; and in the end, run away with the nobler intellectual Powers; while they utterly

defeat the most judicious, and best contrived system of Education.

These vagrant Powers of the Mind, in their natural, wild, and uncultivated state, are deplorably subversive of every good, and advantageous pursuit; yet when they are well directed, and properly employed; are the foundation of every improvement, they are the very groundwork, and materials which form every fine accomplishment our nature is capable of acquiring.

Happy then, and most exquisitely adapted to the great purpose it pursues, is the management of that Tutor, who makes use of such forms of instruction as catch these wanton Wanderers unawares; insensibly enlist them in the service of science; and bring them in, as auxiliary Forces, in the cause of Virtue, and Religion.

These considerations determined me to humour my inclination so far, as to make you a present of this little Piece, in which the most interesting, and important of all subjects, The
Work

Work of God upon the Heart, is attempted in such a manner, as not to be unpleasing to the imagination. And when I further consider that this subject is the darling of your soul, and nothing delights you so much, as to hear of the Triumphs of all-conquering Grace, and the Beauties, and Glories of our Incarnate God; I am not without hopes, that the subject will plead some excuse for the attempt, and you will approve the design, though you wish it had been executed by an abler pen.

I most sincerely deplore the loss which this undertaking has sustained by the death of the late Reverend, learned, and pious Mr. *Hervey*, who approved the plan, and had promised to revise and correct the work. At the same time I, with gratitude, recollect the favourable regard you had for it in its infant state, when you took the Manuscript with you on a visit to that Gentleman, and by your interest with him, procured the Enrichment of his Remarks, and Corrections so far as it was then finished, and his promise for the rest.

I therefore am encouraged to hope, that your goodness will excuse the liberty I take, of putting my little Volume into your hands : and I gladly lay hold on this opportunity of publishing to the World, the share I have in your friendship and esteem ; of wishing you the most ample success in every branch of the two great Characters you so manifestly adorn ; and testifying the Sense I have of the many Obligations you have laid upon,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant

PHILANTHROPOS.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Poem was once a strenuous advocate for the Dignity, and Purity of human Nature; and expected to obtain the Divine Favour, by a conformity to the rules of Natural Religion; but being brought under some long and very severe exercises of the mind, and being in a wonderful, and gracious manner brought to the knowledge of Christ, and the joys of his Salvation; he thinks it his duty to give some account of these things, and to bear his testimony to the glorious Truths of that Gospel, which once was his aversion; but now the delight, and joy of his Soul. As he delights in poetical productions, he hath attempted the subject in rhyme: and being advised to publish it by some persons of knowledge and experience in the ways of God; he sends it into the World, not wholly without hopes, that it may be made useful to persons of similar experiences with his own; and be a means of administering comfort to the dejected Soul. And if, in the hands of the Great Redeemer, it is conducive to so happy an end, he will neither repent the pains he hath taken in writing it, nor regard the censures that fall upon him from the proud and self-sufficient part of Mankind. The Reader will soon perceive, that the subject hath been treated of by abler hands, and in a more copious, judicious, and

and methodical manner. But it is not always the best performance that is attended with the greatest success. With equal lustre and glory our Immanuel reigns both in the Kingdom of Nature, and Grace; and in each makes use of what instruments he pleases, and gives it to whomsoever he will. The weakest means in his hands, may be productive of great and lasting effects; and on so exhaustless a subject as the Grace of God, there will always remain encouragement for a fresh attempt. However disgusting the following work may be to the carnal mind, it is humbly hoped that nothing is advanced that will give offence to any that know the Grace of God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Every thing is carefully avoided that was supposed to have any such tendency. The unhappy divisions, and debates subsisting amongst Christians, have more need of cooling, than inflaming applications. But whatever those debates and divisions are, it is hoped that all real Christians will unite in approving every thing that tends to display the perfections, and glories of the eternal Son of God; to humble the haughty heart, and lay low the pride of Man, and to ascribe the whole of Salvation to God, and the work of his Grace. This is the delightful subject that elevates and transports the Souls of all that know the Lord. It is an eternal fountain, ever-springing with new delights, ever-flowing with those streams that make glad the City of God, and
ever

ever leading to new scenes of wonder, and praise. The powers of human Eloquence sink beneath the unequalled theme: and the boundless subject scarce touch'd by mortal strains, dwells on the tongues of Angels, and resounds through Worlds of Light.

ever leading to new forms of wonder and
gratitude. The powers of human Experience and
Imagination are unexhausted; and the human
mind is ever ready to be enlarged by the
discovery of new worlds of thought and feeling
through which to pass.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FIRST.



B

The

The ARGUMENT.

Evander is a sober, virtuous youth, of a mild and peaceable disposition: who having been educated on the plan of natural religion and social virtue; and having escaped the reigning vices of the age; expected to be acquitted at the bar of supreme justice, and finally to obtain the approbation and favour of his Maker, by his generosity and goodness, by his exemplary virtue, by the purity of his intentions, and the integrity and uprightness of his conduct. Being accustomed to decide every debate by Reason, and the nature of things, he had early imbibed very low conceptions of the word of God; being possess'd with an utter abhorrence of every thing that is called Enthusiasm, he questioned and despised the operations of his spirit; and as he could not comprehend how his moral character could be adorned with the riches of another; it is not to be expected he would desire any better Righteousness than his own. Notwithstanding these expectations and supports he was lately under very great distress of mind. The pride of his heart could not prevail so far on his understanding as to persuade him that he had not sinned. The errors, and follies of his life were in a very strange and unaccountable manner laid before him. Their weight seemed greater and greater. Every refuge failed. And his boasted reason and virtue proved but miserable comforters in the day of distress. In such circumstances he is introduced in this Dialogue in which Sylvia his wife learns the cause of his distress; is very much surpris'd that a person of his conduct and character should fall into dejection on such an account; and endeavours to comfort him from the consideration of his former sobriety and virtue.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FIRST.

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

EVANDER.

YET let me stand my ground, hold fast my hope,
And shew myself a man. Why should I think
My sins too big for mercy? Lives the man
That never sin'd? Is not our nature prone
To error; mix'd with frailty; and remote
From where perfection stands? Is not heav'n's King
Immutably and infinitely good;
And mercy his delight? Does not his eye
Survey our frame, and know we are but dust?
Whence then my fear? Can I be charg'd with crimes
So aggravated, or so black, as those
Which stain the souls of thousands? Surely no.
Then rest my heart and lay fast hold on peace.
But still I strive in vain: from some strange source
Which I can't comprehend, a flood of thought
Resistless pours upon my lab'ring mind,
And bears down all before it. Let me think!
Why should I tremble thus? I ne'er was found
Amongst the sons of Violence or Lust;
Nor join'd the direful train that dare the skies.
But yet I fear I've scorn'd the holy Word
Of the Most High: and what degree of Guilt
Hence fastens on me, is an awful Question
That soars above my reach: I fear 'tis great,

4 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

But were it greater than my fears presage,
The brighter shines that Mercy which forgives.
Yet something rises in my Soul that will
Not thus be satisfi'd: but like a stern
And swift avenger, close pursues my steps,
Repeats the charge, and fastens it upon me.
Where shall I look for aid? or by what strength
Maintain my ground against the latent foe,
That wounds my peace? Reason! the power is thine,
Great Reason! thou bright offspring of the skies!
Thou ray of light shot from the fount supreme
Into the soul of man; to guide his ways
And teach his wand'ring steps, to find his God;
To thee I look! to calm each restless thought,
And lead me in the way of hope and peace.
Say then, bright Reason! for all truth is thine;
Thou only rest the weary soul can find
In Nature's wide domain! O say, what peace,
What comfort canst thou give a burden'd Soul,
Harra's'd with guilt, and bordering on despair,
That seeks Creation round, to find some prop
To bear her sinking hope? Thus Reason speaks;
At least, the reasoners of the age maintain,
And thus have I oft listen'd and believed:
"The Judge supreme is infinitely good;
Impartial Mercy crowns his every act;
And his tribunal lenity surrounds:
He'll wink at human frailty; at his bar
Our errors and mistakes will be forgiven;
And most atrocious crimes, repented of,
Be blotted from the records of the skies."
Were these conclusions sure, there might be hope;

But

DIALOGUE the FIRST. 5

But if they're false, and I should rest upon them
As the sure basis of eternal hopes;
How shall I stand in that amazing day,
When Wrath divine by an avenging God,
Is pour'd in tempest on a guilty world!
Such dreadful weight, and such importance lie
Upon this question, that I would not pass
It slightly by; but search it to the bottom.
My soul alarm'd, demands to know the worst;
But lost, bewilder'd, and confus'd; in vain
I search all Nature through in quest of Truth,
But still I seek! 'tis Truth that must be found
To heal my soul, or else more deeply wound.

- *EVANDER. SYLVIA.*

SYLVIA.

Say my Evander! what unusual care
Broods in your breast, and makes your visage wear
So deep a gloom? late was your look serene
As the smooth lake that shines on yonder green;
Peaceful and clear its liquid crystal lies,
And all its bosom open to the skies;
While the reflecting surface faintly shews
Each flow'r and herb that on its border grows:
Such was your mind; now clouded with dismay
By some dark fullen thought that shuns the day;
As when foul torrents and successive rains
Swell the vex'd wave, and dash the flood with stains.

EVANDER.

Such stormy looks to me can ne'er belong:
Thy anxious heart must sure conjecture wrong.

SYL-

6 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

SYLVIA.

Thrice have I seen the chearful morning rise,
And spread her orient-purple round the skies;
Thrice hath the sun pursu'd his azure way,
And o'er yon western mountains drove the day;
Since you have been to restless thought inclin'd;
And these new griefs have labour'd in your mind:
Oft I enquir'd your health; you cold reply'd,
Inquiry shun'd, and strove your care to hide;
But strove in vain.

EVANDER.

—No force my love can bind,
Nor wit explain the movements of the mind;
Sometimes she'll stray through fancy's flow'ry fields,
And sport amongst the beauties nature yields;
Anon, through Reason's winding maze she roves,
And restless strives to gain the truth she loves;
If here she fail, severer tasks employ;
She seeks the shade, and wanders far from joy.

SYLVIA.

Where'er your wand'ring thoughts may choose to
stray,
They seem to take a solitary way;
Dismal to me, unpleasing, and unkind;
What need I speak! my words are empty wind;
You mark not when I end, or when begin;
But all your soul collected, rolls within.

EVAN-

DIALOGUE the FIRST. 7

EVANDER.

Perhaps there's cause.

SYLVIA.

—Is there such cause confess'd,
Hid in your heart, and brooding in your breast,
From all your friends conceal'd with watchful care,
And I myself defrauded of my share?
Unworthy judg'd it seems to bear my part,
Nor longer now the partner of your heart.

EVANDER.

Ne'er did the awful power that rules the sky
Succeed my wish, or feed my soul with joy;
But my exulting heart would swiftly move
With ardent zeal, to bear it to my love:
Thy tender heart was ne'er by me oppress'd,
Nor ever fought I to disturb thy rest:
No longer then thy ill-judg'd suit maintain,
T'explore what known, can only give thee pain.

SYLVIA.

You wrong my love, by hiding thus your grief,
And also rob yourself of my relief.

EVANDER.

Should Heav'n on thee the balmy pow'r bestow,
To heal my grief, or mitigate my woe;
Then some majestic height thy love would soar,
And shew its worth in paths untrod before:

Such

8 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Such mighty Edward's royal spouse was found,
That suck'd the venom from his poison'd wound
And sav'd her lord: but my distress to move
Exceeds thy power, and baffles all thy love:
Yea, every mortal aid——

SYLVIA.

Strange! wond'rous strange!
Is the dark path your thoughts delight to range!
But strive, oh strive! to burst the bounds of night,
Break through th'extended gloom, and rise to light.

EVANDER.

I strive in vain,

SYLVIA.

——Then in plain terms declare
What unaccustom'd ill creates your care!
Care, which it seems admits of no relief!
The strange assertion startles all belief.

EVANDER.

I fear 'tis true——

SYLVIA.

The all enlight'ning sun
His blazing chariot wheels not thrice have run
Through the alternate seasons, since your strain
Express'd the want of me your only pain:
But now how chang'd! tho' only yours I live,
Not the least comfort's in my power to give:

Wrapt

DIABOQUE the FIRST. 9

Wrapt in deep thought! and obstinate in woe,
You turn regardless from me!

EVANDER.

—If I go
In thorny paths, think it not want of Love;
Far other scenes, alas! I'm doom'd to prove:
Pity me, Sylvia! and lament my fate,
“For what so dreadful as celestial hate?”

SYLVIA.

Much you amaze me! it can ne'er be so,
Nor can the great Eternal be your Foe.
Heav'n's awful King the path of goodness treads;
Nor aims his thunder but at guilty heads:
The wretch whose crimes direct against him stand,
And dare th'avenging lightning from his hand,
As his fix'd foe the Judge supreme may view;
But he's the best of friends to such as you.

EVANDER.

Ah! were I sure of that——

SYLVIA.

In bolder strain
I will this necessary truth maintain,
And bring yourself to witness: 'tis not long
Since Virtue's name on Thames' fair banks you sung,
And taught the list'ning stream her matchless praise.
Now recollect the subject of your lays,
And seek bright Virtue: she can make you rise,
Give peace on earth, and lift you to the skies.

C

EVAN-

10 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

Indeed I fear this building will not stand,
But like a structure rear'd on mould'ring sand,
With its prodigious fall shake th'adjacent land,
When thund'ring on its head the tempests blow,
And rushing torrents roar, and foam below.

SYLVIA.

If good men's hopes, and worthy deeds come down,
And Virtue is by heav'n's avenging frown,
Precipitated headlong from the skies;
Then tell me, my Evander, what can rise?

EVANDER.

By Virtue's friendly aid I thought to stand;
And sought no saviour but my own right hand:
Fix'd on this base, I rais'd my hopes on high;
And built this Babel to ascend the sky.
But now I feel its loose foundation shake,
Strict search for Virtue in my soul I make,
But find her not: all I can see within,
Is pride, and folly, vanity, and sin.

SYLVIA.

The greatest Saint can no perfection boast;
All are but frail imperfect men at most;
Though in their day like morning-stars they shine.

EVANDER.

But never can be charg'd with Guilt like mine.

SYL-

DIALOGUE the FIRST. 11

SYLVIA.

The truth of what you say I can't allow;
How was this Guilt hid from your soul 'till now?

EVANDER.

Behold the surface of the peaceful sea,
When sleep the winds, and yellow sun-beams play
On its green face: it seems a broad smooth plain;
And one bright smile sits dimpling on the main.
The scene how chang'd! when storms with clamour
loud,
Burst their dark mansions in the big-swoln cloud!
Swift from the skies with force resistless sweep,
Lash the white surge, and tempest all the deep:
Then boils and foams the flood, the billows rise,
And in mad tumult mix the seas and skies:
Now float the wrecks, and what hath found a grave
In the vast waters, tumbles on the wave;
Old Ocean groans, and with tremendous roar,
Heaves the extended ruins on the shore:
Such is my mind; when peace and inward joy,
Glow'd in my heart, and sparkled in mine eye;
No conscious guilt disturb'd, or slavish fear;
Without was peaceful, and within was clear.
But now the storms of conscious terror roll,
And clouds, and darkness gather on my soul!
The face of things is chang'd, and I appear
All guilt and wretchedness——

SYLVIA.

Surpris'd I hear;

C 2

You

12 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

You make the strange complaint; and stand assur'd
You have no reason.

EVANDER.

——I had ne'er endur'd,
Such bitter anguish, such amazing smart,
Which like an arrow fastens in my heart;
If some strange crimes, uncommon to our race
Could not be charg'd upon me——

SYLVIA.

In a place
Where ev'ry hateful vice outrageous reigns;
That you should gather such uncommon stains,
And yet unnotis'd pass; confounds me much.
Indeed Evander! I ne'er thought you such.
But ever to deceive me is not just:
It is my right to know; and know I must:
Then speak the thought which all your peace invades,
Your comfort hides, and wraps your soul in shades?

EVANDER.

No guilt upon me lies, or foul offence,
That would be deem'd of such high consequence
At man's Tribunal: but the steady light
Of heav'n's high Monarch, in another light
Must needs behold me: his immediate view
Flashes within, and sees me through, and through:
As the red lightning sloping on the ground
Through midnight darkness, makes it day around:
So through man's heart he darts his piercing light,
And all its hidden caverns flame with light.

How

DIALOGUE the FIRST. 13

How must he then th'impious wretch despise,
That durst arraign the conduct of the skies;
Reason's dim beam to heav'nly light prefer'd;
Oppos'd his spirit, and deny'd his word.

SYLVIA.

I can't imagine how you have acquir'd
This uncouth strain; or what strange cause inspir'd
So vastly wide a difference in your thought,
From what 'till now you have believ'd, and taught.

EVANDER.

When the poor Peasant in his journey lost,
Benighted wanders on a rocky coast:
If by the lightning's flame his eye commands
Some dreadful precipice, on which he stands:
Aghast he shudders at th' amazing sight;
And seeks t'escape by the terrific light!
But when the flashing fires no longer burn,
He, lost in darkness, knows not where to turn:
So some avenging light that shines within,
Shews my whole soul a Chaos full of sin;
My danger shews from heav'n's approaching ire;
And that beneath me rolls a sea of fire;
But how a fall so horrid I may shun,
It shews me not—

SYLVIA.

The worst that you have done
Could never give, if Reason might be heard,
Such strong compunction: for there hath appear'd
No

14 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

No known perversion, no determin'd crimes,
 Or meditated baseness: but all times
 Amongst the friends of human race you stood;
 And your chief pride and joy was doing good:
 Nor can what lies upon you have a place
 In the black list of sins which stain our race:
 But your imagin'd guilt its station takes,
 Amongst the various errors and mistakes
 Which our bewilder'd Reason's doom'd to know,
 In the imperfect state of things below.
 No longer then your restless thoughts employ
 On these dull themes, which eat up all your joy:
 For tho' smooth error might your soul ensnare,
 The quest of Truth hath been your constant care:
 That I can witness; and I dare attest,
 You never knowingly in this transgress'd,
 In a false mirror then yourself you view;
 The best of men might err as well as you.

EVANDER.

Alas, my Sylvia; much my fears forebode
 That I have rous'd the vengeance of a God.
 Full in my sight the storm ascends on high;
 Swells the big cloud, and blackens in the sky!
 Some few sad drops now beat upon my mind,
 The fulness of the tempest lies behind.

SYLVIA.

What have you done to rouse it?

EVANDER.

Why rebell'd
 With scornful pride, and arms offensive held
 Against

Against the Sovereign of the universe!
Persisted in rebellion! and what's worse,
Trampled on him that holds the power to save!

S Y L V I A.

That will I boldly say, you never have.
But if time past delusive paths you trod;
Forfake each crooked way, and turn to God.

E V A N D E R.

I know not where to turn in search of rest,
Nor how to quell the tumult in my breast;
Confusion, fear, and terror, all combin'd,
Murder my peace, and close upon my mind;
Nor can my weary sight discern one ray
Of dawning Hope to give the chearful day.
The pilot thus, when darkness reigns on high,
And the black tempest thunders through the sky;
When on the wave his giddy vessel's tost;
And all his knowledge of his course is lost
Amidst the roaring of the stormy main;
With anxious eye explores the skies in vain:
No ray directs him; but with hopeless mind,
He drops the helm, and drives before the wind.

Against the Governor of the universe
Perished in rebellion, and what a world
Trampled on him that holds the power to save

THE DOG

... that with a body that was not his
Fought in the name of the people
And in the name of the people

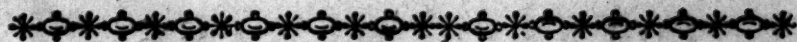
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GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SECOND.



D

The

The ARGUMENT.

Mezentus is arrived at the middle stage of life: he is a person of a fine understanding, and is adorned with every amiable accomplishment; of the nicest honour, the strictest integrity and virtue, and the most extensive benevolence. His religious principles are the same as those of Evander: he is an admirer of natural and moral philosophy, and hath in discourse a bold and free way of reasoning. Being a friend and companion of Evander, he attempts in this Dialogue to reason him out of his distress. With this view he strongly maintains the all-sufficiency of Reason; sets very narrow limits to the extent of Sin; and expatiates on the Glory of Virtue.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SECOND.

EVANDER. MZENTUS.

EVANDER.

PEACE ye tumultuous Waves, and let me think!
Does not my anxious Heart forebode the worst?
With aggravations blacken all my errors?
And tremble at imaginary woes?
Let me delib'rate coolly, and decide
This most important question: do I stand
High in the favour of the King of heav'n?
Shall I for ever bask beneath his smile;
Or feel the vengeance of a frowning God?
Awful his frown! and terrible as hell!
What are those Crimes that make me fear his Frown?
Pride! Self-sufficiency! and Unbelief!
How black the least! and how they yawn upon me!
Blast every budding hope, and shade my soul
With double darkness. Foremost in this train
Stands a bold Sin that first took root in heav'n,
And hurl'd ambitious Angels headlong down,
Down! from their native skies to deepest hell!
The sons of day! down to eternal night!
Where will it drive aspiring sons of men?
The next is near akin; the favourite
Sufficiency of Reason and of man;
Once the delight and glory of my soul!
But now with aspect chang'd it frowns upon me

20 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Like black Rebellion, that with fly pretence
To give God glory by exalting man,
would undermine the high eternal Throne;
Degrade the awful Sov'reign of the skies;
And make a god that man can comprehend.
But most of all, Oh Unbelief! at thee,
At thee I tremble! thee I find condemn'd
In the fix'd Edict of th'all-ruling King;
In the high Annals of Eternity:
Records which once I durst deny! but now
They shoot into my inmost soul; and I,
Howe'er reluctant! find; yea, feel them true!
To the confusion of my former pride!
Reason's deductions, ah! how weak to this!
There unbelief is branded with the mark
Of sure destruction: oh how grim it looks!
And seems my Passport to the gates of Death;
Eternal Death! It rises on my view
In horrid form, and seems a sev'nfold rock
Of Adamant that bars the Gates of Light,
And blocks up all the mercy of the skies.

EVANDER. MEZENTUS.

MEZENTUS.

Come, my Evander, shake off every care,
And taste the sweetness of the morning air:
The humid south hath water'd all our plains;
And o'er the grove refreshing fragrance reigns;
O'er the wide Landscape gentle zephyrs fly;
The rougher winds in rocky caverns lie;

Through

DIALOGUE the SECOND. 21

Through fleecy clouds the sun emits his rays,
And all the skies with vernal glory blaze,
While the soft sun-beams mixing with the breeze
Shoot through the shade, and tremble in the trees.
All nature smiles in flow'ry robes array'd,
While the wing'd tenants of the warbling shade,
With various notes the swelling concert raise,
And join the voice of universal praise.
But you from each gay scene in silence turn;
Hang down your drooping head, and inward mourn.

EVANDER.

Not without cause: my spirit finds no ease,
And those delightful scenes no longer please.

MEZENTUS.

No greater blessing is by heav'n assign'd
To Virtue's sons, than chearfulness of mind:
This Wisdom bids us seize, and not give way
To unavailing sorrow. Yet this day
With deep concern I heard that you, my Friend,
To strange enthusiastic troubles bend:
I ne'er expected you would thus be led;
Say, where's your sense? or where's your Reason fled?

EVANDER.

Perhaps she is not fled; but yet I fear
Her utmost aid avails but little here.

MEZENTUS.

If Reason's aid avail not, if she fail
Where is that greater Power that can prevail?

EVAN-

22 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

EVANDER.

When the black tempest sweeps along the skies,
Shakes the whole atmosphere with thund'ring noise,
And bellowing crosses the Ocean, foams, and raves;
And rolls in dreadful heaps the clouds, and waves;
If the soft Siren's song can then appease
The horrid rage, and still the stormy seas;
Then human Pride, and human Reason join'd,
May curb and calm the tempest of the mind.

MEZENTUS.

Regardless of such Rant I will maintain
The throne of Reason, and her laws explain.
Long ere the Sun adorn'd the chearful day,
Or Planet roll'd along th'æthereal way;
In highest heav'ns was this fair Goddess known,
And reign'd the partner of th'eternal Throne;
The darling of the great Supreme! and she
Eternal and immutable as he.
When down the skies in heav'nly pomp he came
To raise this lower world's stupendous frame;
When with the finish'd work all Nature rang;
And Heav'n and Earth the first great Sabbath sang;
Fast by his side she join'd the Triumph then;
And her delight was with the sons of men.
E'er since she waits upon the human mind,
For ever ready, and for ever kind;
Wisdom commands to own her friendly beam,
The test of every Truth; the Light Supreme.

EVAN-

DIALOGUE the SECOND. 23

EVANDER.

However bright the rays of Reason shine,
They can't illumine this dark soul of mine.

MEZENTUS.

Nor here her aid the favouring Power denies,
But to relieve her Votary swiftly flies;
Before her presence every cloud gives way,
And the dark prospect brightens into day.

EVANDER.

When soft prosperity attends our ways,
Smooths all our steps, and smiles upon our days;
Reason is able to direct the wise;
And still the trifling troubles that may rise.
But when the waves of conscious Terror roll,
And dash in Oceans on th'affrighted Soul;
When the most High descends with vengeful ire;
When the Earth shakes; air thunders; Heav'n's on fire;
And the whole Soul in tumult, fear, and grief,
Reason's unable to afford relief.

MEZENTUS.

Nature's all-gracious parent ne'er design'd
Such strong dismay to seize the virtuous mind;
Nor need you sink beneath these heavy woes,
Would you regard the reason he bestows.

EVAN-

24 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

That I must doubt, and certainly have cause.

MEZENTUS.

To doubt the truth of Reason's sacred laws?

EVANDER.

To doubt if Reason can my Conscience clear,
Or save me from the dreadful wrath I fear.

MEZENTUS.

When Day's great Sov'reign mounts the orient sky
The morning clouds before his glory fly;
So when bright Reason rises, disappear
Each heavy gloom, and every groundless fear.

EVANDER.

When health and youth with flowing spirits crown'd,
Sport in the heart, diffusing joys around;
Reason ascends her throne elate and fair,
And self-sufficient laughs at every care;
Vast lengths in praise her gay Adorers run;
And will no equal own beneath the Sun:
But when distress, with conscious terror join'd,
Beats down our peace, and gathers on the mind;
Reason at once disowns her pow'r to save,
And lets her Votary sink beneath the wave;
For when the storms of conscious trouble blow,
She turns her back, and meanly joins the Foe.

ME-

MEZENTUS.

This charge, if true, would merit great regard;
'Tis what I recollect not to have heard;
But 'till you have explain'd it, I suppose
You ask no answer——

EVANDER.

Ere these troubles rose,
Which like a canker prey on my repose;
Peace, Reason cry'd, and charm'd me with her song;
And pleasing smiles alone to her belong:
But now awaken'd conscience gives me smart;
And clouds and darkness gather round my heart;
Reason against me turns; her comforts cease;
And her chang'd voice no longer gives me peace.
Whatever my foreboding heart indites,
Or swiftly my accusing Conscience writes,
Applauding Reason owns; she signs the worst,
And thunders in my trembling heart, 'tis just.

MEZENTUS.

What Reason speaks, she always will maintain,
Truth owns her voice, and smiles upon her strain,
Invariable all, and free from ev'ry stain.
A ray divine her sov'reign dictates claim;
And through succeeding ages speak the same:
Nor can I your remark as truth allow,
That she spoke peace before, but roars in terror now.

E

EVAN-

26 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

Experience that great Teacher owns my strain,
 And still I must the dreadful Truth maintain;
 For now th'Almighty's awful terrors roll,
 And raise his dread Tribunal in my soul;
 With stern command he cries, and frowning wrath,
 Produce your cause, and bring your Reasons forth:
 But Reason shuns the task with trembling awe,
 Deferts my Cause, and leaves me to the law;
 Nor yet contented thus! to grieve me more,
 She my accuser joins with ceaseless roar,
 As ready to condemn, as to acquit before
 That I must die she'll crowds of Reasons give;
 But oh, not one! not one, that I should live.

MEZENTUS.

These reas'nings against Reason I must own
 I can't receive: for it was never known
 That Reason contradicted what before
 She had advanc'd as true. The horrid roar,
 That you so much complain'd of, does not flow
 From Reason's Throne; but from your greatest Foe,
 From wild Enthusiasm. Then turn away
 From this delusive source of your dismay!
 And Author of your woes! to Reason bend,
 And closely to her friendly voice attend;
 She'll light your steps; drive anguish from your breast,
 Chase every fear, and lull your cares to rest.

EVAN-

DIALOGUE the SECOND. 27

EVANDER.

Alas! my Friend, I have been lull'd too long,
And fondly listen'd to the Siren's song;
But from it now my loathing spirit turns;
And all my soul for sense of pardon burns:
If Reason this can give, or make appear,
I shall be all attention,

MEZENTUS.

—Never fear,
Hear but her voice, and listen to her strain,
And in this point you shall not long complain:
If you repent you're certainly forgiven;
The voice of Reason this; the voice of Heav'n.

EVANDER.

But mine are sins of such uncommon dye;
Extend so vastly wide; and rise so high;
They over-top forgiveness—

MEZENTUS.

Such there's none;
'Tis your mistake: but tell me what you've done.

EVANDER.

Dis honour'd, and deny'd God's only Son.

MEZENTUS.

Then this vast guilt which hath your thought en-
gross'd,
Is but, it seems, a small mistake at most.

28 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Can perfect goodness! can the Judge supreme
For human frailties, and mistakes condemn?

EVANDER.

Not small, it seems, but rises on my eye
Like a vast mountain, which will on me lie,
And press me down for ever.

MEZENTUS.

——Strange the Sight,
Which to a mountain magnifies a mite.

EVANDER.

Name not so small an Insect to allude,
Or stand compar'd with Sin's vast magnitude;
Rather to mighty Atlas turn your eyes,
That shades vast plains, and intercepts the skies;
Or view the craggy Alps' extended row,
White with long ridges of eternal snow.

MEZENTUS.

Monstrous indeed!——

EVANDER.

Full proof attends my strain,
Nor can proud Reason make th'assertion vain;
Great is the dreadful God 'gainst whom I fin'd;
Holy and infinite th'eternal Mind;
Great is his law, which smallest failings break,
And great his pow'r to punish.

MEZENTUS.

Why you speak

As

DIALOGUE the SECOND. 29

As though no difference could in Sin be found ;
But that our frailties would as deeply wound
As flagrant Crimes.

EVANDER.

—The very least of mine
Justly I view as worthy wrath divine :
But its extent I see not, till I know
How great that God it surely makes my foe.

MEZENTUS.

God's greatness, which so justly you express ;
Magnifies not our sins, but makes them less ;
Since in full peace he holds th' eternal Throne ;
And can be injur'd, can be touch'd by none.

EVANDER.

The real Guilt of every kind of ill,
Consists not in the Deed, but in the Will :
The Sinner drives at Heav'n's eternal Sire ;
Nor dreads his thunder, nor his bolts of fire ;
But his bold crimes direct against him rise,
And dare the whole Artillery of the skies ;
Till the dread pow'r that he presumes to brave
Rises in wrath, and sweeps him to the grave.
Thus the red Comet rears himself on high,
Tosses his flaming firebrands round the sky ;
Lashes the stars, and furious takes his way,
With headlong course towards the God of day :
Till falling in with his prevailing rays,
He sinks from sight amidst the solar blaze.

MEZ-

30 **GRACE TRIUMPHANT.**

MEZENTUS.

Your colouring's much too strong : the wicked man
Is bad enough 'tis true; but never can
Drive on at this mad rate: his crimes arise
Not from ambition to insult the skies,
Or hatred to his Maker : in his mind
The love of pleasure rages unconfin'd :
Breaks thro' all bounds, and bears the Soul away
Impatient of refusal, or delay.

EVANDER.

Though the bold Sinner's thought no further goes
Than present pleasure, let him not suppose
By this smooth plea, he will acquitted stand
Of black rebellion's guilt : God's high command
Has been insulted ; Justice claims his Ire :
Soon he descends, in tempest, and in fire ;
Surrounds this Globe, arrests her as she runs,
And brings to final judgment all her sons :
The boldest Sinner then he'll shake with awe ;
Then will his thunder vindicate his law.

MEZENTUS.

Whate'er the doom to stubborn Vice assign'd
No terror need to shake the virtuous mind,
Yours has been such ; and God, I must contend,
If he delights in Virtue, is your Friend.

EVANDER.

Virtue's celestial aid I lately fought,
And my first off rings to her Altar brought,

Her

DIALOGUE the SECOND. 31

Her fair idea in my soul I form
As a sure covert from the wind and storm :
But now that storm comes on she turns away,
And says, she knows me not——

MEZENTUS.

To what you say

I must refuse assent. Her sons to raise
Is Virtue's care ; and these she ne'er betrays ;
Nor e'er disowns whoe'er on her rely,
But smiles around, dispensing Peace and Joy.
To thee, bright Virtue! thee, celestial Maid,
Shall all my off'rings, all my vows be paid :
O may thy glories ever swell my theme,
To each created mind thou Good Supreme :
In Heav'n's high Thrones amongst the Sons of Light,
Esteem'd and lov'd thou shin'st divinely bright ;
Unfollied there thy matchless beauties rise,
And make more bless'd the mansions of the skies :
And when on Earth thou tak'st thy bright abode,
Thou mak'st the man that owns thee, like his God.
Parties and sects amuse the thoughtless throng ;
But this distinction stands as Nature strong,
Who shuns thee can't be right, who finds thee can't
be wrong :

To thee on Earth, to thee beyond the Grave
I look : and seek no greater pow'r to save.

EVANDER.

If you no other Saviour have to boast,
In spite of Virtue's aid I must be lost :

Vast

32 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Vast is my debt, uncancel'd still it stands;
And Justice now demands it at my hands;
Alloy'd is Virtue's coin, 'twill pass no more,
Nor can such Riches pay the dreadful score.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the THIRD.



F

The

The ARGUMENT.

Aeneas in his natural and acquired abilities, or his moral character and conduct, is not inferior to Mezentus : but he acts from other principles, and with different views. Having experienced the power of Religion, and tasted that the Lord is gracious, he esteems the love of God, to be a more powerful and prevailing principle of action than the love of Virtue : and a delight to do his will, arising from a heart-felt sense of his love, to be a more noble and generous motive to obedience, than the servile fear of punishment, or the selfish hope of a great reward. He is not unacquainted with the sciences, or blind to the beauties of Nature ; but, having had a view of the ever-adorable Son of God, his attention is too much fixed on this great Object of his admiration and love, to be easily diverted to other prospects : the brightness of Nature seems dim to him, being overpowered with the glories of the great Redeemer ; and all her treasures seem poor and mean, compared with the unsearchable Riches of Christ. To this exalted person as the only Saviour of Sinners, and relief of the burdened Soul, he endeavours, in this Dialogue, to raise the attention of his dejected Friend. He steadily pursues this single point ; strives to answer every objection, to obviate every difficulty, to remove every scruple, and persuade to a reliance on him that is mighty to save.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the THIRD.

EVANDER. AE NEAS.

EVANDER.

IN vain I wander through the shades for Peace,
Or seek her in the winding maze of thought;
Far from my steps the fair Celestial flies.
She's gone! for ever gone! and in her stead,
O'er my foreboding soul with horrid frown,
Corroding Anguish spreads her raven wings,
And black Despair his iron sceptre holds.
Oh wheredwells Comfort! wheredwells heav'nly Peace!
She dwells, great God! with those that love thy Law.
If so, how far from me! And thou dread Lord,
Oh thou exalted Son of the most High!
That holds the center of th'eternal Throne,
And justly claims the birthright of the skies:
This Peace is thine to give. What wonder then
That he with-holds this blessing from his Foes;
And most of all from me: who shun'd his love,
Deny'd the merit of his matchless deeds;
Who durst oppose the honour of his name,
And coldly hesitate to own his God.
But now I feel his pow'r! his wrath awak'd,
Shoots demonstration into all my soul!
I see him rise in majesty array'd;
Tremendous majesty! oh, how I gaze!
How his stupendous greatness fills my soul

36 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

With wonder, awe, and terror ! how I shrink
 And tremble at the glory of his might.
 E'en yon enormous Globe of central fire
 That flames th'apparent glory of the sky,
 Holds the extended empire of the day,
 And stands the basis of depending Worlds,
 But dimly shines an emblem of the God.
 This Sun is his; and ev'ry wand'ring sphere
 From Mercury basking in the solar blaze,
 To utmost Saturn; who with all his train
 Of gay attendants moves in solemn state,
 And orb in orb eccentric sweeps the sky.
 Yea, far beyond where'er Creation dwells,
 And pours by myriads her refulgent Sons,
 All flaming with unutterable blaze;
 There reigns the king. And o'er the trackless fields
 Of boundless space, which lie beyond all thought,
 And Angel's bolder wing attempts in vain;
 His pow'r presides. His pow'r how wond'rous great!
 How dreadful! and how grand th'approaching day,
 When from the bright assemblies of the skies
 He comes surrounded with a shining train
 Of Saints and Angels, to this World of ours;
 He comes to judgment! to receive his own
 Into the bosom of eternal love;
 And pour swift vengeance on his hapless Foes.
 How dread the fight! how his red banners blaze
 High in mid heav'n, by mighty Angels born!
 Blazon'd with his victorious deeds they wave,
 And flame triumphant crimson through the sky.
 But all this pomp is darkness if compar'd
 With the intolerably dazzling God!

Where

DIALOGUE the THIRD. 37

Where shall the Sinner stand ! how shall he face
The power he durst provoke ! he durst deny !
How shall I bear the fight, when in my eyes,
Array'd in all the glory of the skies,
Ascends as Judge of all, the God I durst despise ? }

EVANDER. ÆNEAS.

ÆNEAS.

How fares my Friend ?

EVANDER.

My peace of mind is lost,
And on the restless waves of Grief I'm tost.

ÆNEAS.

When Sol o'er heav'n's hill-top pursu'd his way,
With fiercer fires, and shot meridian day;
To yonder shade retir'd, whose spreading trees
Exclude the heat and catch the fanning breeze,
Which cools its wings in streams that warbling flow,
And wash the flow'ry meads that lie below,
I found Mezentus : and from him I learn,
That something fills your soul with deep concern ;
Without delay my steps to meet you bend,
Glad if my counsels can avail my Friend.

EVANDER.

Though no respite my raging Grievs obtain,
Though love and friendship seek my ease in vain,

I am

38 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

I am not less oblig'd. But be so kind,
To tell me what Mezentus says?

ÆNEAS.

—Your mind

He apprehends disorder'd: groundless fears,
He says, distress you: your whole soul appears
Dark and confus'd; averse to Reason's laws;
And that yourself not clearly knows the cause.

EVANDER.

Not know the cause! did not I plainly tell,
Mistaken creature! I but know too well.

ÆNEAS.

When the Physician of the cause is sure,
He gains the basis that must bear the cure.

EVANDER.

There is no cure for me!—

ÆNEAS.

In this my Friend
I must conclude you err. If you attend
To good advice, you doubtless soon may find,
A great Physician that can heal the mind.

EVANDER.

Though far the healing pow'r of physic goes,
It ne'er can root up such prodigious woes.

ÆNEAS.

DIALOGUE the THIRD. 39

ÆNEAS.

In an affair where such importance lies,
Conclude not too abruptly, but be wise ;
Perhaps you'll own your error when you learn,
Who the Physician is. Whoever turn
To his advice ne'er miss of sure relief,
Though their vast misery exceeds belief.

EVANDER.

If physic's pow'r could my complaint remove,
Your never-failing men I can't approve ;
But the Physician here must strive in vain
For Sin is the disease that gives me pain.
As when a mighty army marshal'd stands,
With spreading wings wide stretch'd o'er distant lands,
And boastful ensigns waving in the air,
The dread of Nations, and the pomp of war :
So all my sins in terrible array,
Stand in my view and fill me with dismay ;
But Pride and Unbelief above the rest,
Rise on my soul, and flash across my breast.
Can there be help for this ?

ÆNEAS.

——Help may be found,
And certain help for all that feel the wound.
But say, what cause the wond'rous change hath wrought?
And how these conscious terrors reach'd your thought ?

EVANDER.

Some bold assertions tending to degrade,
The great Redeemer, much I am afraid,

Have

40 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Have rous'd Almighty Vengeance. On my mind
The terror flash'd like lightning. Unconfin'd
It rages: all that's urg'd to ease my pain
Is driven before the storm, and urg'd in vain.
Terrible thus the rushing whirlwind flies,
Drives the black clouds in heaps along the skies;
Shakes the extended plain, with thund'ring sound,
And spreads the sturdy oaks along the ground.
With furious blast the craggy rock divides,
And hurls the shatter'd ruins down its sides!
The mountain scarcely stands——

ÆNEAS.

Did you relate,
These apprehensions, and your present state
Of mind, all to Mezentus?

EVANDER.

Yes, I did:
Without reserve and nothing from him hid.

ÆNEAS.

And what did he advance to ease your grief?

EVANDER.

Reason's vast pow'r, and Virtue's sure relief.

ÆNEAS.

But from such great assistance did you find,
No help, no ease to your afflicted mind?

EVAN-

DIALOGUE the THIRD. 41

EVANDER.

With his soft pipe, as well the whistling swain,
May still the tempest. Ceaseless is my pain;
Full on my soul I feel the dreadful load;
Nothing can help me but a pardoning God.

ÆNEAS.

That such parade of reasoning had no force
Does not surprise me. From far other source
Must spring your comfort, and your case requires
Diff'rent advise——

EVANDER.

Tho' all my soul retires,
From those gay themes which reas'ning pride inspires,
And dwells with ceaseless woes; I would not have
you judge too rashly——

ÆNEAS.

What?——

EVANDER.

That I'm a slave
To groundless fears, that flow from reason lost.

ÆNEAS.

So far from that, tho' much your mind is tost
I think your Reason brightens: in such light,
Sinful and wretched, odious to the sight,
All see themselves, that see themselves aright.

G

EVAN-

42 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

To my confusion ! if aright I see,
Mortal ne'er groan'd beneath such Guilt as me.

ÆNEAS.

When the commandment comes our fin appears
Exceeding sinful : and o'ercome with fears,
Instant we fall, and own its wages, Death.
This seems your case : but tho' your ev'ry breath
Is drawn with anguish, wherefoe'er you turn ;
As destitute of hope, forbear to mourn ;
Nor yet conclude that some strange lot you find
Before unknown, uncommon to mankind.
The best of men have this dark vale pass'd through,
And trembled at their guilt as much as you.

EVANDER.

Others with anguish have their errors mourn'd,
Have seen their danger, and in time return'd ;
But some uncommon wrath will be my doom,
And some strange vengeance bow me to the tomb :
While the prodigious woes that I abide,
Will stand the warning of the sons of pride.

ÆNEAS.

Your present troubles, tho' they are severe,
Warrant no such conclusions ; nor appear
Productive of such woes. When the most High
Exerts his pow'r to bring his people nigh,
He frequently assumes an angry form,
His way is in the whirlwind and the storm :

From

DIALOGUE the THIRD. 43

From such high cause as this must spring your Grief,
Your state by Sin, your Pride, and Unbelief;
Thus charg'd upon your Soul, so clear and strong
Speak God's high work, and must to him belong.

EVANDER.

Such is my own conclusion. Power divine
Alone can work such wond'rous grief as mine;
His wrath awak'd, swift rushes on my soul,
E'en now methinks I hear his thunders roll;
Full on my head the deadly bolt he aims,
Keen as his wrath, and wrap'd in ruddy flames:
What friend! or what deliverer can be found!

ÆNEAS.

Deep! wond'rous deep! I know his arrows wound,
But this, tho' sharp the anguish, does not prove
His wrath awak'd; but rather speaks his love:
Perhaps with kindest views he makes you groan,
Deep are his ways, his footsteps are unknown.

EVANDER.

Talk not of kindness, or an happy end,
The wounds I feel proceed not from a friend.
But since you think there's help, relate it clear,
Say who the helper is, and tell me where?
The bitterness of death I fain would fly,
If help there is, 'tis time I should apply.

ÆNEAS.

When Israel's tribes had spurn'd the servile chain,
Insulting Egypt strove to hold in vain;

44 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Arabia's mighty desert next they trac'd,
 And rear'd their tents along the dreary waste;
 But with dismay the devious wild they tread,
 And murm'ring view the rugged way they're led;
 Sullen around they cast reproaching eyes,
 And view with stormy look the weltring skies:
 But vengeance sleeps not long, for soon on high
 A cloud of dreadful serpents hissing fly,
 Light on the camp and burn with furious ire
 While their red eye-balls glare with vivid fire:
 With venom'd rage they bite; their pois'nous breath
 Inflames the raging wound with certain death:
 The humbled tribes repent, and mourn their slain;
 For help, for mercy cry; nor cry in vain.
 Glowing in polish'd brass a Serpent stands,
 Rais'd on a pyramid which heav'n commands
 To heal the nation: fight immediate gives
 The wondrous cure, and the beholder lives,
 So when the sinner feels the deadly wound,
 And conscious trouble bows him to the ground;
 With cutting anguish draws his every breath,
 And feels the working poison big with death;
 To Calv'ry's summit could he raise his eye,
 Behold the Cross, and see his Saviour die,
 Immediate ease the healing sight would give,
 There, my Evander, look! look there and live.

EVANDER.

However great his pow'r to heal my woe,
 Let it no more be nam'd, he is my Foe.

ÆNEAS.

DIALOGUE the THIRD. 43

ÆNEAS.

With rapture still I name it, oh my Friend!
Slight not the Saviour, but his worth attend:
Ne'er let your sight from this lov'd scene remove,
Behold his deeds, and wonder at his love.

EVANDER.

His deeds avail not me!

ÆNEAS.

They will avail

Whoe'er believes; his merits never fail.
Ne'er let your thoughts from this dear center roll,
For none but him can ease the troubled soul.
He, when he dwelt below, could when he please,
Controul the winds, and quell the foaming seas:
His high commands the roaring billows keep,
And the check'd tempest dies upon the deep.
In balmy sleep the Great Redeemer lay,
While fierce conflicting winds embroil'd the sea,
Mad as the winds the tossing surges rise,
Mix with the wheeling clouds, and thunder to the skies.
The cordage shines with foam, the dashing brine
Floats on the deck, and all events combine
To swell the seaman's horror, while each wave
Comes big with death, and seems to bring a grave!
They wake the master; he with calmest view,
Marks the mad elements, and trembling crew;
Peace! be still! with gentle voice he cry'd;
Strait in smooth eddies rolls the thund'ring tide;
The whist'ling winds obey, the roaring waves subside.

}
Calm

46 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Calm are the skies, and clear; the list'ning sea
Is in a moment calm, and clear as they.
Ye burden'd souls that mourn your guilt, attend;
Behold, your helper here! behold your friend!
He holds the power the rage of hell to bind,
And instant still the tempest of the mind;
One word from him would make all trouble cease,
And fill Evander's heart with conscious peace.

EVANDER.

Doubtless it would; but favours such as those,
So great! so rich! belong not to his foes.

ÆNEAS.

This glorious person far exceeds our praise,
How kind, how wonderful are all his ways!
Tho' boundless heights his radiant glories rise,
Flame in the heav'ns, and dazzle all the skies;
Yet to redeem his foes, amazing Love!
He left the splendors of his throne above!
For these he laid aside his starry crown,
Bow'd the high heav'ns, and smiling round came down
In human form. To save his greatest foes,
He bare our sins, and their long train of woes:
He saw the vengeance bursting on our head,
Steadfast he stood and bare it in our stead.

EVANDER.

Great is his love indeed, but yet I fear,
So vile a wretch has no acceptance there.

ÆNEAS.

ÆNEAS.

Your sense of vileness, and your deep distress
Urge you to seek with prospect of success.
Sure of relief, the poor and needy go,
He favours not the lofty, but the low;
Before his Throne present your humble prayer,
The burden'd mind is his peculiar care.
He is by his Almighty Sire assign'd,
To heal the soul, the broken heart to bind;
To preach glad tidings to the sons of Woe;
To break their chains, and let the prisoners go:
To comfort all that mourn their evil ways,
And fill their drooping hearts with songs of praise;
To shew their full acceptance gain'd at last,
And speak the bitter day of vengeance past.
To clothe with righteousness his ransom'd race,
And make them glorify the God of Grace.

EVANDER.

This is the anguish, this the venom'd dart,
And this the thought that stings me to the heart.
His wond'rous kindness, his amazing love,
And all his great achievements to remove
Our horrid Guilt, I boldly durst despise.

ÆNEAS.

Then now to better Prospects turn your eyes,
To th'injur'd God your grateful offerings bring,
Bow to the Saviour, and confess the King.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Oh that I had in time, but 'tis my fate,
To see my error and repent too late.

ÆNEAS.

If aged finners obstinate and bold
In ev'ry daring Vice confirm'd and old,
May with repentance heav'n's forgiveness gain,
Can blooming Youth be thought to sue in vain?
When the full fountain unexhausted flows,
With ceaseless streams for every one that goes:
None are excluded from this sure relief,
But who exclude themselves by unbelief.
Then let all fears, and causeless scruples cease,
And turn to him who stands the only Peace
That Heav'n or Earth affords Man's fallen seed:
Mighty to save! he knows the sinner's need,
And ready stands to help: his glorious name,
Millions of pardon'd Sinners will proclaim.
The Sinner's surety, and the Sinner's boast,
The Son, and Equal of the Lord of Hosts.
Whate'er the Sinner wants, he holds to give;
He bids the poor condemn'd delinquent live:
Makes the deaf ear receive the sounds that fly,
And the weak nerveless cripple leap for joy:
From the dark eye-ball clears the films away,
And lays it open to the visual ray.
He makes the dumb to sing, the dead to rise,
Oh my Evander! turn your eager eyes,
To this great Person——

EVAN-

EVANDER.

How severe must prove
The doom of him that slighted all this love.

ÆNEAS.

Though to procure the Sinner's highest good,
The Great Redeemer freely pour'd his blood ;
Without concern the Wretch beholds him bleed,
Nor asks the blessing till he sees his need :
He self-sufficient seeks to scale the skies,
His works like mountains pil'd on mountains rise ;
Till Heav'n these structures low in ruin lays,
And whelms such builders in the heaps they raise.
Such was my Friend ; but now diviner light
Dawns on your Soul, and shews your former night ;
Now is the time Almighty Grace to prove ;
Now is the time to seek the Saviour's Love.

EVAMER

How lovely these are
The doors of heaven that light all this love

EMER

Though to prove the Sun's high good
The Great Redeemer freely gave his blood;
Without whom the World would be a dead
Not all the blood of all the world
His self-sufficient love to feed the flock
His work of mercy mounting up to heaven
Till Heav'n's high throne is full of his love
And when the world is full of his love
Such was my friend, but now divine light
Dawns on our souls and shows our true state
Now is the time to give us grace to prove
Now is the time to seek the Saviour's love

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FOURTH.

H 2

The

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

The ARGUMENT.

Sylvia finding Evander unaffected with whatever had been advanced by his Friends to give him consolation, she resumes the subject, and endeavours to quiet his mind with the thoughts of the goodness of the Deity, his paternal tenderness and readiness to forgive, and the extent of Christ's Redemption.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FOURTH.

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

IT much surprises me and all that know
That you continue obstinate in woe,
And resolutely wretched. For my sake,
My dear Evander, strive, ah, strive! to take
Better advice.—

EVANDER.

Could any earthly thing
Increase my woe, or make my sorrow sting
With greater force; it were the heavy share
My Sylvia bears in this uncommon care;
But that great Grief, the Tyrant of my breast,
Dreadfully frowns, and swallows all the rest.

SYLVIA.

It seems in me presumptuous to pretend
To chase your sorrows, when each wiser Friend
Hath prov'd successless: but behold this page
By Heav'n inscrib'd, and which I dare engage
You'll not deny. This would direct your course
To heav'nly Mercy's high eternal source;
Where the Great Father of Creation stands,
Love in his eye, and pardon in his hands:

His

54 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

His tender heart with kind compassion burns,
And melts to meet the Sinner that returns.

EVANDER.

The more severe, and bitter is his doom,
For whom this vast provision makes no room;
Who fall'n below divine Compassion lies,
Nor will a pitying God regard his cries;
Though high above the Heav'n's his mercies shine,
Ready to pardon every sin but mine!

SYLVIA.

Take heed, Evander, lest you backward run,
And blindly tread the paths you seek to shun:
For surely none can more insult the sky,
Than he who Heav'n's rich Mercy dare deny.

EVANDER.

The Pow'r that knows all hearts can witness mine,
Was ne'er inclin'd his Mercy to confine;
But though this heav'nly Fair all glorious rise,
Her feet on Earth, her stature fills the skies;
Yet in her hand no kind assistance lies
For such as me——

SYLVIA.

It is your groundless fears
That make you think so, but the case appears
Far otherwise to his unerring sight,
To whom all night is day, and darkness light:

For

DIALOGUE the FOURTH. 33

For as Heav'n's starry arch, and azure skies
Above the earth in glorious grandeur rise;
So is the King that claims eternal praise,
More high in thought, more perfect in his ways
Than mortal Man: hence though these troubles may
Break your repose, and clouds o'ercast your day,
His steady eye beholds your constant care
Through the thick gloom, and sees you as you are.

EVANDER.

Yes, without doubt, he sees me black as Hell;

SYLVIA.

To use such strange expressions is not well.
Let me intreat, Evander, that no more
You'll thus distress me: why should you deplore
Your errors without Hope? think what rich aid
And full provision Heav'n's high King hath made
For Man's Salvation: seek his Grace and live;
Readier than we to ask, is he to give.
If then Heav'n's Mercy will not ease your care,
Seek the Redeemer.—

EVANDER.

Justly I despair
Assistance from that quarter.—

SYLVIA.

Strange indeed!
When in Truth's sacred volume you may read,
He died for all Mankind: this Truth confess'd
Swells the fair page, and shines above the rest.

EVA N-

36 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

When Hell's extended Jaws with fiery breath,
Horribly grin, and menace double death;
Then, yawning wide, receive the guilty throng,
In a black rolling tempest whirl'd along
From Heav'n's august Tribunal: wrath divine
Flames in the rear, and thick the flashes shine,
Urge the dire train along the fiery way,
Plunge in th'Abyfs, and drive them from the day: }
View the descending train, my love! and say,
Are these redeem'd by the incarnate God?
Are these the purchase of a Saviour's Blood?

SYLVIA.

You state the case so oddly, and enquire
Too curious for your peace: rather desire
The proffer'd good, and take it as it lies:
He that enquires too nicely is not wise:
Then as it stands reveal'd your Comfort view,
He died for all, and therefore must for you.

EVANDER.

Yet what avails it? though he died for all,
If notwithstanding, some of these may fall
To endless burning? no relief I see;
But still may perish, though he died for me.

SYLVIA.

But then the fault is yours, and not in Heav'n.

EVANDER.

And is that fault committed! this hath giv'n
The

DIALOGUE the FOURTH. 57

The blow that wounds me deepest. Heav'nly love
In all its forms successful seeks to move
His horrid Guilt that hath God's Grace withstood,
And scorn'd the merit of a Saviour's Blood.

SYLVIA.

Fain would I urge some thought that might appease
Your raging Grievs, and lull your cares to ease;
But so determin'd in this way you go,
And with such eager steps pursue your woe,
That I despair success: not more afraid
The bird of night to see Heav'n's light display'd,
When opening morn she shuns, and plunges in
the shade,

Than you to view Heaven's Love: while thus you shun
Whate'er yourself, whate'er your God has done;
'Tis not in me to ease your anxious mind,
Or give that peace you will not seek to find:
I know not what your restless wish requires,
Nor can yourself explain your strange desires.

EVANDER.

From Error's Fountain such conclusions flow,
For, with the highest, certainly I know
The bitter root from which my sorrows grow;
And the great good I want, which could I gain,
Would, in a moment, ease me of my pain.

SYLVIA.

I'm very glad this blessing is so near
As to be clearly known; and beg to hear
Immediate what it is?—

I

EVAN-

58 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

EVANDER.

Knowledge of Guilt
Is the fix'd Base on which my woes are built.
Now what would overthrow the whole dire train
Is knowledge of forgiveness : could I gain
So great a favour ; soon on fiery wing,
My Soul would mount, and of Salvation sing.

SYLVIA.

And by what means expect you to obtain
Such knowledge?—

EVANDER.

Ah, my Sylvia ! 'tis in vain
To think about it : that the Saviour gives
So great a blessing to the best that lives
Admits dispute : but were such gifts bestow'd
Enormous guilt restrains the favouring God
From finding me : yet my tormented breast,
Without such knowledge ne'er can be at rest.

SYLVIA.

I blame you much for fixing your desire
On what you must be hopeless to acquire :
If hope in God would sure relief afford,
That you may gain ; he gives it in his word.
If above this your restless wishes rise ;
Check the absurd presumption ! and be wise ;
Beyond th'appointed means no sure assistance lies.
Should from the Tombs some awful form ascend,
Or from the skies an heav'nly Mandate bend

To

DIALOGUE the FOURTH. 59

To bring your pardon ; such celestial aid
Might not with a prevailing pow'r persuade :
Some quibble, doubt, or scruple might remain ;
The Dead might rise, or Heav'n descend in vain.

EVANDER.

Tho' no such hope is my remotest view,
Still must my Soul this single point pursue :
Forgiveness only can remove my smart ;
Nor will the bare conjecture ease my heart.
A certain knowledge Heav'n denies to give :
Yet that I want ; nor can without it live.
Thus the poor Traveller, that takes his way
Through the vast Desert, brown with Phebus' ray ;
When weltring in the bright-descending beams,
Thinks of green fields, and cool refreshing streams :
The mossy fountain, and the bubbling spring,
Arch'd with thick shades, in which the warblers sing :
He meditates beneath the burning sky ;
Pants for the stream, and he must drink or die.

To bring your garden to such a splendid
 height not with a few plants, but with
 some quail, wood, or turtle might want
 The breeding of the or there's a bird in vain

五、四、三、二、一

Plans for the future, and be-
 lieve in the future;
 The cordials beneath the burning sky;
 And with that smiles, in which the world is
 The molly-foam, and the bubbling foam;
 Think of green fields, and cool refreshing streams;
 When walking in the bright delicious hours;
 Through the vast Ocean, where the fishes lay;
 Thus the poor I recollect, that takes his way
 Yet that I want, nor can without it live;
 A certain knowledge, that's a chance to give;
 Nor will the bare contemplation of my heart;
 Forgiveness only can remove my smart;
 Still will not soul this single point pursue;
 The no less hope is my comfort now.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE FIFTH.



The ARGUMENT.
GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

enriches his discursive mind. With this grace he gains
the Fall of Man, will not admit of the notion of eternal pun-
ishment, and views a dependence upon Divine Mercy. The
finding of a friend, enriched with the love of God, will be a
honor, he concludes that his gifts will be from a merciful
disposition, and desires to be a friend, and to be a
friend.

DIALOGUE the FIFTH.

And now, my friend, let us see how
the grace of God will be a friend,
and how the grace of God will be a friend.



My friend, let us see how the grace of God will be a friend,
and how the grace of God will be a friend. The grace of God
will be a friend, and the grace of God will be a friend. The
grace of God will be a friend, and the grace of God will be a friend.
The grace of God will be a friend, and the grace of God will be a friend.
The grace of God will be a friend, and the grace of God will be a friend.

The

The ARGUMENT.

Mezentus again endeavours to dispel the heavy gloom that overshades his disconsolate Friend. With this design he denies the Fall of Man, will not admit of the notion of eternal punishment, and urges a dependance upon Divine Mercy. But finding Evander unaffected with the force of such considerations, he concludes that his distress arises from a melancholy disposition, and advises to chearful company, and gay amusements.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FIFTH.

EVANDER. MEZENTUS.

MEZENTUS.

INDEED my Friend it much requires my blame,
That you resolutely pursue the same
Dejected course. Not one beneath the sky,
Would more sincerely join your grief than I,
If there was Reason: but the virtuous mind
To dull dejection should not be inclin'd;
For she through Thought's wide field may wander
unconfin'd;

May trace the heart's profound recess, nor fear
To face whatever lies in secret there;
With pleasure all around may cast her eye,
And view her smiling offspring, Peace and Joy;
Exulting see her noble building rise,
And from its summit gain her native skies.

EVANDER.

Had white-rob'd Innocence ne'er left our Plains,
But dwelt she still where black Pollution reigns,
Most just were your remarks; but since dire Guilt
Hath thrown the Fabric down that Virtue built,
Amidst these wide-spread Ruins she in vain,
On this foundation seeks to build again
Before the ground be clear'd.

MEZEN-

MEZENTUS.

What some suppose
Of Nature's Fall, and its subsequent woes
I apprehend erroneous. Heav'n's high King
Would ne'er permit such dreadful ills to spring
Within his vast dominions: if they may,
He rules the Universe with careless sway.

EVANDER.

As he hath given the choice of Good or Ill,
Without compulsion to the human Will:
If these free Beings plunge in endless Flame,
Who the Great Ruler of the skies can blame?

MEZENTUS.

Behold the frame of Nature, think how fair,
How curious and exact its movements are.
To days's great Monarch turn your wond'ring sight,
Intense he burns, and flames with beamy light;
Fills the vast Solar System full of day;
And deep in Night's dark bosom shoots his ray:
Around his throne the circling Planets run,
And each far-wheeling owns the cent'ral Sun;
Lightly he seems to skim along the sky,
Though Mountains, Kingdoms, Continents, on him lie:
Vast Forests wave along his shaggy sides,
And Oceans roll around him as he rides;
The howling Wind with ceaseless fury blows,
And rob'd in hov'ring clouds and storms he goes:
Black on one side as night, he takes his way,
The other shines in all the beams of day:

Thus

DIALOGUE the FIFTH. 65

Thus swift he whirls along the heav'nly road,
And bears through *Æther* the prodigious load;
Nor yet at large with careless course they fly,
Through fields of space, the Vagrants of the sky:
But each his Orb regards with due concern,
And keeps the destin'd hour of his return.
So nice hath Nature's all-creating King
Contriv'd her wheels, and balanc'd every spring,
So carefully adjusted all her round,
And with such force her airy circles bound.
But can the natural world such care employ,
And his more perfect work the moral lie
So ruinous! shall that which needs it most,
For want of prudent government, be lost?
Would he whose laws the Universe confin'd,
At random leave the movements of the Mind?
Can he, whose Goodness through Creation runs,
Neglect the care of his peculiar Sons,
And let such poison in their nature grow,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe?
Absurd! and monstrous!——

EVANDER.

But the great first Cause,
Governs not moral Agents by those laws
That bind material objects——

MEZENTUS.

I suppose
That all created life joins to compose
One mighty System; one stupendous Chain
Of varied Being; not one order vain
In the vast whole, which rises from the clod
Of lifeless matter to th'eternal God:

K

Who

66 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Who at the head of his creation stands,
And holds the Chain of Being in his hands,
In every part exact, complete, and full,
And all conspires to form a perfect whole.

EVANDER.

What place in this great Chain do you suppose
Man occupies—

MEZENTUS.

That the Creator knows
Whose eye takes in the whole: but in the throng
Can we suppose he plac'd this Creature wrong?
He seems the narrow Isthmus that divides
The two vast oceans, and the swelling tides
Of Spirit and Matter: his life is such,
And his tumultuous Passions speak as much:
But this we know, whatever place he fills,
He firmly stands secure from all those ills
Which most apparently would undermine
His end of Being, and his whole design
In the creation. If we grant there may
One race of Beings e'er be torn away
From its fix'd station, first by Heav'n assign'd,
God's Moral Government is undermin'd,
And Chain of Being broken: hence would spring
Horrible discord: Heav'n's eternal King
No longer governs in his vast Domain;
But uproar wide, and mad confusion reign.

EVANDER.

However plausible this scheme may seem,
It answers not to Facts: and these I deem

No

DIALOGUE the FIFTH. 67

No reasoning can o'erturn. God's wond'rous Plan
Its height and depth can ne'er be reach'd by Man.
All clear it lies before the great Unknown;
But clouds and darkness hover round his throne.
Deep in his bosom lies his great Decree,
Nor can his vast Designs be known by thee:
Such giddy heights we Mortals blindly soar,
And idly reason but to err the more.
Submit we then to what's reveal'd: and here,
Two orders of created Life, appear,
Perverted from their first design, and thrown
From height of blifs, to depths of woe unknown.
Against them both Almighty Vengeance burns,
And Heav'n's averted favour ne'er returns;
But ever bar'd are all the doors of Blifs:
What Link in your eternal Chain is this?

MEZENTUS.

Concerning Angels and their blifs or woe,
Or Man's eternal state, we little know:
Why should we then such dark conclusions raise
As injure heav'nly goodness? Let us praise
The Great Creator: all his works are fair,
And all partake of his paternal care:
To punish Vice, and Virtue to reward
Without such dire extremes, is his regard:
The end of things our Thoughts in vain pursue,
Nor can we his extent of Empire view;
But 'till his goodness gives us clearer light,
Here let us rest, "What ever is, is right."

K.

EVAN.

68 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

EVANDER.

A thorny pillow this must be at best,
On such my weary Mind can take no rest;
Far other strains to my poor Soul belong,
In her alas! Whatever is, is wrong;
Her Reason, Knowledge, Virtue: all her boast
Sinks into nothing; for she must be lost,
And lost for ever! thus my fears preface,
And such the language of the sacred page.

MEZENTUS.

If virtuous Men the temp'rate and the just,
The Chaste, the Wise, and Good, must die accurst:
If errors and mistakes can cause Heav'n's Ire,
And the divine perfections all conspire
To punish them for ever; tell me where
The sons of Lust and Violence appear?
The wretch that marks his way with scenes of blood,
All Vice pursues, and treads down every Good;
While daring heights his oaths and curses rise,
Blast all around him, and blaspheme the skies.

EVANDER.

I by comparison shall not be try'd:
Nor can by other's Crimes be justify'd.

MEZENTUS.

But tell me what you think of Heav'n's Supreme,
Is he all fire and fury! not one beam
Of heavenly Mercy! no Forgiveness found,
Nor soft relentings all the skies around!

Does

DIALOGUE the FIFTH. 69

Does Wrath and Vengeance fill the blest abode!
And is there no Compassion in a God?

EVANDER.

Though great his Mercy; Justice bears me down.

MEZENTUS.

If the Most High can ne'er on Mercy frown,
But like a Star she glitters in his Crown;
Some way to act 'tis plain she must explore;
If such she finds not, Mercy is no more:
But frowning Justice would terrific rise,
And Mercy sink degraded from the skies.

EVANDER.

Mercy has found a way in which she shines
Supremely bright: but who that way declines,
Despises, and denies; must be content
To take the consequence: 'tis this hath rent
My hope and peace; and my alarmed breast,
Without forgiveness, ne'er can be at rest:
Nor will the bare conjecture serve my turn,
But all my pow'rs for certain Knowledge burn.

MEZENTUS.

Unthankful Man! how coldly he receives
The various good his bounteous Maker gives!
He makes the Lord of all by his Decree,
And bids his whole Creation bow to thee;
For thee the Sun, for thee the Planets shine,
All that the teeming Earth brings forth is thine.

To

70 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

To swell thy Bliss the vernal Breezes blow ;
And Oceans roll to waft thee all below :
But discontented still thy murmurs rise ;
With gloomy look thou view'st the smiling skies:
Sully'ing with foul reproach th'eternal Throne,
Thou dar'st to pine for what he gives to none ;
And thus resolv'd to murmur and complain,
Suns shine, Winds blow, and Oceans roll in vain.

EVANDER.

The Sov'reign Lord of all things ne'er design'd,
With earthly good to fill an empty mind :
Nor can (whatever random schemes are built)
Nature's bright smiles dispel the Frowns of Guilt.

MEZENTUS.

Much you mistake the Fountain of your woes :
It is not Guilt from whence your trouble flows ;
But the disorder lurks amongst your blood,
The heart moves slow ; it struggles with its load,
And in each Artery lags the lazy flood :
It through each winding creeps, with dull delay,
Swells the full vein, and heavy heaves away :
Distressing thoughts in consequence we find,
For oft the Body dictates to the Mind :
Hence fears so weak, so wild, are on you brought,
The Froth of Fancy ! and the foam of Thought !

EVANDER.

Perhaps they're not so light.

MEZENE-

DIALOGUE the FIFTH. 71

MEZENTUS.

— I must declare
The cause of all your Griefs is light as air; I
Hath no existence but what Fancy gives,
And only in your own Idea lives.
But be yourself; scorn to be thus confin'd;
Assert the native Freedom of your Mind:
Rouse your neglected Reason; nor disdain
The friendly Pow'r that seeks to break your Chain;
Shake off all dulness, seek your chearful Friends;
And frequent chearful places.

EVANDER.

— To what tends,
To ease my anxious heart it would be wise
To lend an ear: but what you now advise
Is the reverse, would not at all assuage
My rising griefs, but give them greater rage.
Oh! how I long to find celestial aid,
Deep in the bosom of some awful shade,
Beneath the aged Oak whose stately form
Long stood the blust'ring of the winter storm:
But with consuming cent'ries worn away,
Stands great in age, and noble in decay:
The short pale Moss his various fractures hides,
Dark Ivy creeps around his rotten sides,
While the bare arms expanded to the skies
Above the trunk in awful ruin rise:
There the hoarse Raven croaks the day along;
Within the Screech-owl hovers o'er her young;
There by some winding brook that murmur'ing flows,
I'd look to Heav'n, and pour out all my woes.

MEZEN-

72 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

MEZENTUS.

Your choice bespeaks your present turn of Mind:
But long I hope you will not be confin'd
To grief and dulness; but great Reason's Ray
Will break upon you with a flood of day,
Dispel the Gloom, and chase your Grievs away.
And that the happy time may soon begin,
Think on your Virtue, and forget your Sin.

EVANDER.

If so to think my grievance could redress,
Or heal my soul; I had not known distress:
There was a time and since it is not long,
I knew no sin; and thought my Virtue strong,
Mighty to save, whene'er it should be try'd;
And rich in thought I gloried in my pride.
But now, this Building thunders on my head,
And what I thought my glory strikes me dead.
The Merchant thus, on India's golden shores,
His stately Pinnance freights with costly stores;
Then the white canvas spreads to catch the breeze,
And smoothly glides along the level Seas;
His rich invoices counts with conscious Pride,
And thus exulting shoots along the tide;
But soon the prospect darkens; ere his eyes
Behold Good Hope's Promont'ry dusky rise,
Black clouds and storms obscure the chearful sky,
Deep thunders roar, and flashing lightnings fly:
The gushing tempest sweeps along the sea,
And scarce his vessel rides the foamy way;
Aghast he views the Horrors of the main,
And trembling sees his Trust become his Bane;
But lest his weighty stores should make his Grave,
He plunges all his Wealth beneath the Wave.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SIXTH.

L

The

The ARGUMENT.

Aeneas, in order to give Evander a clear view of the way of Salvation by Christ, lays before him the state of all mankind by Nature, and insists on the Necessity of Regeneration. He maintains the freeness and sovereignty of Grace, and again advises to seek the Redeemer. Evander, though he is deeply convinced of sin, sees something of the Glory of Christ, and feels this doctrine suitable to his case, can by no means be persuaded to accept of a free Salvation.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SIXTH.

EVANDER. AE NEAS.

EVANDER.

IS there no hope? no way to still the storm
Of Wrath divine? is there no method left
To appease this tumult, and make peace with God?
None! no ray of light! but darkness wide,
Eternal darkness closes on my Soul!
Naked, defenceless, and forlorn I stand,
Aghast, and shivering! while the frowning skies
Lower horror o'er my head, Earth shakes beneath me;
The vengeful lightnings in the Zenith blaze,
And the big tempest bursting from the skies,
Pours its full roar upon me. Could I find,
Or hope to find, a refuge from this rage,
A covert from the tempest and the storm,
How would the thought revive me? but I sink
Deeper and deeper in this Gulph of woe.
Oh, that the pow'r that measures out our days,
And governs Life and Death would grant my wish;
Spent out with grief, and wearied down with woes,
Fain would I shelter in Death's peaceful shade,
And hide me in the Grave. There anguish sleeps,
And there the weary rest. But, ah, what rest!
If the immortal Spirit lives through Death,
And blazes instant forth with brighter fires,
Vigorous and strong to bear eternal pain.

76 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Oh what a state ! and how the prospect shakes me.
 To be for ever banish'd from the day !
 And plung'd in utter darkness ! t' lie accurs'd
 Under the frown of Heav'n. To feel the force
 Of his full-vollied Wrath, whose pow'rful hand
 Can shake the basis of the Universe,
 And dash the Earth to atoms : then to mix
 With horrid Demons, who being stung with rage,
 And mad with anguish, fling about the flames ;
 Fill Hell with uproar, gnashing bite the ground,
 And storming curse the skies from whence they fell.
 Though barely possible, a state like this
 Might make the harden'd Sinner wildly stare,
 Drop pleasure's cup untasted from his lip,
 And startle into madness. But if sure,
 Is there a wretch so hardy that he can
 Behold the thought and live ? And is that state
 Thus sure to me ? Eternal King forbid !
 Forbid it all ye awful Pow'rs divine !
 If yet compassion dwells in heav'nly breasts,
 Oh save me from distraction ! give me hope !
 But still what hope ? Is not the dreadful God
 That I offended resolutely just ?
 Is not his awful Justice, and his Truth,
 And every Attribute divine engag'd,
 To vindicate the honour of his Throne,
 And punish such as me ? But let me hold ;
 Nor headlong plunge into that vast destruction
 To which this path would lead me. All this anguish
 Arises from reflecting on myself ;
 Of this Æneas warn'd me, and advis'd
 To seek the Great Redeemer. Could I hope

To

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 77

To find acceptance gladly would I seek,
 Yet who can tell? perhaps this glorious Person
 Who fac'd eternal Justice in man's stead,
 And pour'd his Blood to save him; if I seek
 Now, every refuge fails, and every hope,
 And in the last extremity pour out
 My soul in all the bitterness of grief
 Before his Throne; will grant one ray of light,
 One glimpse to lead me through this horrid darkness,
 That may indeed be felt. But why should I
 Expect relief from him? What gen'rous mind
 So basely treated, could I supplicate
 In my distress, that would not in a moment
 Flame with resentment, and disdain to hear?
 How then can I expect it from a God?
 Equal in dignity, command, and pow'r,
 With heav'n's Eternal, Infinite, Supreme?
 A God! dishonour'd, disobey'd, and scorn'd!
 Yet as the case now stands, 'tis Wisdom's voice
 That bids me seek. No other pow'r can help.
 If I refuse to ask his potent aid,
 I surely perish: worse I shall not find,
 Or deeper fall, if he refuse to hear.
 Oh, would he kindly condescend to give;
 But the faint glimmering of a doubtful Hope
 That my eternal Ruin is not fix'd,
 But still I stand within the reach of Mercy;
 From the reviving thought my soul would take
 Fresh courage; and with patience wait his will.
 His holy word this question must resolve.
 Ready at hand the sacred volume lies;
 And though I tremble to behold the page,

Whose

78 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Whose thund'ring threats so oft have shook my soul,
 Resolv'd I open and attend my doom.
 Say thou, great Fountain of eternal Truth!
 Thou only Saviour found for fallen Man!
 Whose Spirit lives and breathes in every line
 Of this bless'd Book; Oh, say! is't possible
 A wretch so vile may 'scape thy vengeful ire,
 And gain thy high forgiveness? Quick as thought
 The ready answer, like the lightning's blaze
 Flashes upon me. If thou canst believe
 All things are possible to him that believeth:
 The open'd book, and my directed eye
 Catches the question instantaneous thus,
 And gives so strange an answer. Chance, I think,
 This cannot be. But what it means I know not:
 I ne'er observ'd the sacred page to hold
 Such words as these, and now they much confound me:
 Why should believing such acceptance gain,
 And claim such wond'rous favour? Strange indeed!

EVANDER. ÆNEAS.

ÆNEAS.

I grieve; my Friend, to hear you still complain,
 And that my last advice was urg'd in vain:
 None but the great Redeemer of our Race
 Can give relief to man, in such a case:
 I hop'd ere now your suppliant Soul had found
 A cure from him for that corrosive wound
 That gives your pain——

EVA N-

EVANDER.

When'er I raise my eyes
To the Redeemer, I behold him rise
Dreadfully grand, intolerably bright;
He flashes on me like a blaze of light,
His awful majesty employs my gaze,
And all my Soul is shriv'd with his rays;
Methinks I view keen lightning in his eye,
And see the ruddy flames of vengeance fly,
To blast the guilty wretch that durst his Blood deny.

ÆNEAS.

The fulgent King of day oft have I known,
When the broad horizon supports his throne,
A fiery orb that swells upon the sight,
Wrapt in red flame, and glowing crimson light;
But when he drives his burning wheels on high,
And shining gains a segment of the sky,
With milder glories crown'd, and brighter beams,
Smiling along the heav'nly arch he flames.
So when the great Redeemer first appears,
To the poor Sinner trembling with his fears,
In vestures dip'd in blood, he sees him rise,
The Hope of Earth, and Glory of the Skies!
He sees, but trembles at his awful nod,
Glowing with wrath, and dreadful seems the God.
But soon the Saviour shews a milder face,
Free in his Love, and boundless in his Grace:
He then with rapture sees him mount on high,
And all his soul expanding swells with joy.

EVA N-

80 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

EVANDER.

Dreadful he seems indeed : oh, could I say,
This is the morning of a glorious day ;
But Guilt, dire Guilt denies ;——

ÆNEAS.

'Twas Guilt that flood,
The only reason why he pour'd his Blood :
And when his Grace the saving stream applies,
Full in our view he makes this monster rise ;
In his own hateful form the Fiend appears,
The Soul affrighted flies, and chill with fears ;
Her ev'ry ancient hiding-place she tries ;
The Demon close pursues her as she flies ;
Till hunted out where'er she seeks to hide ;
At last she gladly runs to him that died.

EVANDER.

But can this great Redemption be apply'd
To such bold Crimes as mine?——

ÆNEAS.

No guilt so great
As the Redeemer's goodness to defeat,
Nor yours more great than mine. On all mankind,
This dire Contagion rages ; and we find
Not one exempt. Before th'eternal Throne
All mouths are stop'd ; and all their guilt must own :
Adam's first Fall corrupted all his Sons ;
In every stream the bitter fountain runs,
Nor

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 81

Nor love, nor wrath, Man's innate madnels quells :
But all his father in his soul rebels.
All are by Heav'n's unalterable word
Concluded under Sin. None are prefer'd,
As in themselves more worthy. Equal here,
The most refin'd, the most exact appear,
And the most guilty of our fallen Race :
Whoe'er is sav'd must still be sav'd by Grace ;
And come to Christ as sinful.

EVANDER.

Such discourse
I always look'd upon as void of force,
And libellous on Nature. Grant her fall,
Can she be absolutely lost to all
That's wise and good ; while Heav'n against her turns,
And points to where eternal Vengeance burns ?
The worthy names that swell the heathen page,
And virtuous men in this enlighten'd age,
Speak better things ; and Nature seems more fair :
The work of God ; and worthy of his care.

ÆNEAS.

When with his train the great Jehovah flies,
In chariots of Salvation down the skies,
He fills the Heav'ns with brightness, Earth with praise,
And low in dust all Man's perfection lays :
No flesh may glory in his presence : he
Stands full resolv'd ; it is his fix'd decree,
In triumph o'er the haughty heart to ride,
And stain the glory of all human pride.

M

Hence

82 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Hence 'tis proclaim'd; and by his awful nod,
The stamp of Heaven, the sanction of a God:
It stands enforc'd; the skies revere the sound,
And bear the sentence all the Globe around;
That none of Adam's sons can see his face,
Except they're born again, by pow'rful Grace.

EVANDER.

But is there nothing truly worthy found,
And pleasing to her God on Nature's ground?

ÆNEAS.

Where the renowned Tyber rolls his flood,
Majestic Rome in matchless grandeur stood,
And though her glory's now in ruin thrown,
Yet the fall'n column and the mould'ring stone,
The moss-grown marble, the inscription blind,
The headless statue, and the tow'r inclin'd,
Such traces shew, though in confusion hurl'd,
As speak her once the Mistress of the World.
So Human Nature tho' she's wholly lost
To all the glories Innocence can boast,
Majestic, tho' in ruin, awful stands,
And shews plain marks of her Creator's hands:
Still in her frame such curious touches shine
As speak her great original Divine.
Her ancient rectitude and glory tell,
And shew the God-like height from which she fell;
But as the ruins of triumphant Rome,
Could ne'er be brought to form a stately dome,
Without fresh workmanship: thus Nature lies,
So ruinous in her great Maker's eyes,

Her

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 83

Her works can ne'er be pleasing to his view,
Till by his Sov'reign Power she's form'd anew.

EVANDER.

That e'er unerring Wisdom should bring forth,
What needs amendment, or a second birth,
I apprehend not. But as you maintain
This fact as certain, make it also plain ;
And say how the great Sov'reign of the skies,
Proceeds to make this new Creation rise.

ÆNEAS.

As some great artist by his structure's known
To suit his business rends the rugged stone,
Then shapes it to his purpose, smooths, and lays
In the fair Edifice he means to raise:
So the great Architect, the King of Grace,
From Nature's ruins rends his ransom'd race,
Moulds to his sov'reign Will, and deigns to raise,
Of such rude stones, a Temple to his praise.
A structure form'd, the former to excel,
And in this Temple condescends to dwell.

EVANDER.

But in this work thus rising at his nod,
How may we trace the Finger of the God?

ÆNEAS.

When great Jehovah from his awful throne
Descends with pow'r, and makes his presence known,
To save the Sinner; like a two-edg'd sword,
Shining and sharp he whets his quick'ning word,

M 2

By

84 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

By his own Spirit, is his word apply'd,
 And his first stroke is level'd at our Pride.
 While we resist he follows on the blow,
 Breaks the stout heart, and lays the Sinner low.
 Stung with the wound, and raging with the pain,
 He seeks all Nature through, but seeks in vain:
 To every refuge runs to set him free,
 But all Creation cries, 'tis not in me.
 His conscious wound, with growing fury burns,
 At last he to his scorn'd Redeemer turns.
 The Great Redeemer hears his earnest cries,
 And drives his love-pay'd chariot down the skies:
 Comes to his succour; pardons all his Sin;
 All bright and glorious makes him shine within;
 Plants the principles he can approve,
 Gives a new heart, and fills it full of love.
 This Love excludes all fear: then he obeys,
 With sweet delight; and walks in wisdom's ways;
 With growing joy, he owns his native loss,
 And glories in the Doctrine of the Cross.

EVANDER.

Happy indeed, should my strong terrors tend,
 To so desirable, so great an end;
 But all my Soul, my Heart, and Thoughts are such,
 It seems too large, too glorious, and too much
 For such as me to hope——

ÆNEAS.

This heav'nly Prize
 Exceeds conception: and its glories rise,
 Where Hope not dares to soar. Yet this is given,
 By the rich bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

'Tis

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 83

'Tis not by works that we have done: yet still
A sov'reign God bestows. And if he will,
He gives it to the vilest and the worst,
While the full fountain streams for all that thirst.
No longer then delay his Grace to prove,
Seek the rich Gift, receive his promis'd Love.

EVANDER.

Can God love such as me?—

ÆNEAS.

Why not, my Friend?

EVANDER.

Can God love Sin, or unbelief commend?

ÆNEAS.

He always Sin beholds with angry face,
But loves the Sinner that shall feel his Grace.

EVANDER.

In other light his word this notion states,
He loves the Righteous, but the Wicked hates.

ÆNEAS.

But in what region, clime, or on what ground,
Say, my Evander! is the righteous found.

EVANDER.

Yet if our nature no perfection knows,
But this fair plant in brighter regions grows;

Does

86 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Does not obedience in the human race
Cause God's high love, and go before his Grace?

ÆNEAS.

Without his Grace none can obey his laws,
And no effect can go before its cause.

EVANDER.

Can Man do nothing then his Grace to move?

ÆNEAS.

Can th'infinately holy God approve
Of imperfection? what bespeaks his love,
Is his own work: this he'll succeed and bless,
And to th'assembled Universe confess.
Wrathful he views, and always will despise
The works of Man, by which he seeks to rise,
He's full of folly tho' he'd fain be wise:
His moral deeds, and all that's on them built,
Are sure to fall, and prove but splendid guilt.
His works of art the fire of Heav'n will melt,
And not one mark remain where once he dwelt.

EVANDER.

But how if this be true, can we explain
God's moral government, or how maintain
Mankind's free agency?—

ÆNEAS.

It is not given
To us to comprehend the ways of Heav'n.

The

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 87

The World by Wisdom knows not God, nor can
His works of Grace be circumscrib'd by Man.
Such heights as these our Reason can't attain,
And Angels stronger pinions mount in vain.
But that this work is sure, the proof is strong,
Though the proud Reas'ner with blasphemous tongue }
Arraign this conduct, and pronounce it wrong.

EVANDER.

What is this proof?—

ÆNEAS.

Full proof assent demands,
Where the Apostle of the Gentiles stands,
Behold him plead before th'attentive King,
Observe his plea, and your objection bring.

EVANDER.

Saint Paul's Conversion's not a common case,
So nothing proves:—

ÆNEAS.

It proves the pow'r of Grace.
Proves that th'Almighty works with conquering hand,
Nor can the Will of Man his pow'r withstand.

EVANDER.

But Paul obey'd the heav'nly voice, and prov'd
A willing servant to the Lord he lov'd.

ÆNEAS.

Yes, in the day of pow'r he such must be,
And so is every one as well as he;

But

38 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

But when his bosom glow'd with impious fire,
And all his spirits flam'd with fierce desire
T'abolish Jesus' Name, his church confound,
And shake the infant building to the ground:
Can it be thought, while in such paths he trod,
He gain'd by works the favour of his God?

EVANDER.

How did he gain it then?—

ÆNEAS.

It needs must be,
Not gain'd by works, but sovereign and free;
Still to the bright example turn your face,
Where wrote in sun-beams shines resistless Grace.
See the fierce Persecutor madly rage,
Against the Lord of Life: behold him wage
War with the skies; and mov'd by hellish flame,
Seek to destroy the Followers of the Lamb.
The heav'nly Pow'rs behold with deep amaze,
And wonder why th' avenging stroke delays,
Around the throne impatient Lightnings fly,
And the rein'd Thunder mutters in the sky.
But diff'rent counsels heav'n's great Father move,
And his expected vengeance proves his love.
His Love and Grace unite with pow'rful blaze,
Rush on the Rebel with resistless rays;
Swift through his foul, th'enlight'ning glories run,
And the audacious Foe becomes a Son!

EVAN-

DIALOGUE the SIXTH. 89

EVANDER.

Beyond conception happy, sure are they,
That Heav'n regards in this triumphant way,
But it were blind presumption to suppose
Such great events as these await my woes:
Yet would I learn what might my grief decrease,
And teach my steps to find the way of Peace.

ÆNEAS.

If Peace you'd find, look from yourself my Friend,
And to your Saviour's spotless worth attend:
There lies your Peace, and there it lies secure;
With blood 'tis purchas'd, and it must be sure.

EVANDER.

Nothing but terror from myself I find,
And if on high I raise my sinking mind,
It rages more;—

ÆNEAS.

'Tis not in man to give,
The pow'rful word that bids the Sinner live.
But raise your constant suit to him that died,
The humble Soul was never yet deny'd;
With patience wait, he'll soon with smiling nod,
Break through the cloud and shew himself your God.
Then will your soul ascend on Eagle's wing,
Fresh wonders view, and his Salvation sing.
So oft when mists exclude the morning ray,
And dark-wing'd fogs hang heavy on the day,

N

The

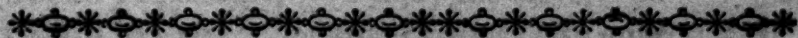
90 **GRACE TRIUMPHANT.**

The Sun at noon throws out a pow'ful blaze,
And flashes through the darkness with his rays;
Far from his throne the floating vapour flies,
The clouds he scatters, and clears up the skies;
The hills, the vales, and streams then shine around;
With brighter green the woods and fields are crown'd:
The distant tow'rs and mountains rise in fight,
And the whole azure concave flames with light.



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.



The ARGUMENT.

Evander is restored to comfort, and joy in believing, at a time when, and in a way he least expected it; he is fully convinced, that neither his Distress, nor his Deliverance, had their foundation in natural causes, but proceeded from the mighty power of God. Sylvia is surpris'd at the suddenness of the Change, but rejoices in it, and joins Evander in the acknowledgement of an Almighty Power producing the desired event; but rather advises him to moderate his Joy, and turn his attention to worldly affairs.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

EVANDER.

WHAT can this mean? which way soe'er I turn,
Those seeming kind, but yet mysterious words,
Late in so strange a manner brought upon me,
Pursue my steps, and beat upon my mind.
Perhaps they bring some meaning which as yet
I apprehend not. Strange it seems to me,
That the whole weight of heav'nly Favour rests
Upon believing. How can this be true?
But I no longer cavil with my Maker:
His word declares it, and his word will stand.
Then let me lowly bend before his Throne,
And gladly recollect the word he gives.
All things are possible! if so, the great
Important Question which my Soul pursues
Is not as yet determin'd. Still I may
Obtain his Favour, and enjoy his Love,
He still has power to pardon Crimes like mine,
So great his Mercy, and so large his Grace.
What then prevents? Why, if thou canst believe
There lies the Question: on this single Hinge
Turns an Eternity of Bliss or Woe!
Let me consider; do not I believe?
Yes, like the Devils, I believe and tremble.
But what avails it? That can never be

What

94 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

What this believing means. Could such belief
Avert God's Vengeance; or procure his Love,
Then every Fiend would find it. Hence 'tis clear,
Neither a cold Assent, nor strong Conviction
That fills the Soul with terror, is that Faith
Which Heav'n approves. Thus gaining what 'tis not,
Let me advance in quest of what it is.
Perhaps 'tis thus; to take the offer'd Good,
Receive the Promise, rest upon the Word,
And fix it in my Soul, as meant to me.
Precious indeed were such Belief as this;
'Twould give the whole my anxious Heart pursues,
Banish my Sorrows, and restore that Joy
So long a Stranger to my weary breast.
But how shall I attain it? Human strength
Is weakness here, and all our wisdom vain.
As well I may attempt to reach the stars,
As by my native pow'rs to gain this Faith.
Yet what Man's utmost efforts can't attain
By ceaseless labour, Heav'n's free bounty gives.
Hence becomes manifest the pow'r of God;
The work is his, and his alone the praise.
Then let me ask of him, by Heav'n proclaim'd,
The Author and the Finisher of Faith;
Who the rich Empire rules of heav'nly Grace,
And gives to whom he will. It is most true
I am unworthy; and his fiery Law
Might justly follow my desert to Hell.
But many a Sinner hath obtain'd of thee,
Oh thou most Worthy, to receive the praise
Of Man's Salvation! Pardon, Grace, and Love,
Unmerited. To thee alone I look;

And

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH. 95

And in thy precious all-prevailing Name,
Presume to fall before thy Father's Throne.
Behold, Great God ! here lying at thy foot
The vilest of thy creatures. One whose crimes
Have dar'd thy Vengeance: and thy rising Wrath
Might justly long ere now have flaming thrown
To bottomless Perdition. One who durst
Not have presum'd to speak a word before thee,
Had not the riches of thy Grace reveal'd,
And pard'ning Mercy flowing through thy Son
To the most vile and guilty of our Race
Encourag'd, tho' with trembling, thus to come
And beg for life. Of my own work I bring
Nothing but Guilt, and as its consequence,
Dejection, Misery, Fear, and dire Dismay.
Yet thou, all-glorious, everlasting God !
Let not thy Lightnings flash, nor Thunders roar,
While a poor abject wretch, worthless and vile
As Sin can make him, dares to supplicate
Thy great Forgiveness. I my righteous deeds
The best, time past can boast ; or time to come
From such a weak foundation hope to raise,
With full abhorrence utterly renounce,
As vile and hateful ; more deserving wrath,
Than fit to recommend me to thy Love.
But thy dear Son hath pour'd his streaming Blood
To save such Sinners ; and in him is merit
Sufficient for the work. Were my dread Guilt
Weighty enough to sink thy whole Creation.
This all-atoning Stream by Faith apply'd
Would take away the whole. Permit me then
With deepest humiliation at thy Throne,

As

96 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

As is most fit, to mourn my Unbelief;
 And beg that Faith which thou alone canst give.
 Oh thou all-gracious, all-creating Pow'r!
 Whose Spirit hover'd o'er the dark Abyfs
 Ere snowy light was born; and spake the word,
 "Let there be light," and light immediate sprung:
 Behold the horrid darkness of my Soul,
 And give the pow'rful Word, let there be Faith,
 And Faith shall be. I ask it in that name
 To which thy sov'reign Promise stands engag'd,
 And thine acceptance by that Promise bound,
 To whoso'er shall come. Firm as thy Throne
 Thy Promise stands. Thou canst not falsify
 Thy heav'nly Word: thou canst not turn away
 From him that thou enablest thus to plead.
 What have I said? are not these words too bold
 To speak to the most High? But, on the wings
 Of that resplendent Promise in his Word;
 In honour of the Great Redeemer made,
 That whosoever cometh in his Name,
 A gracious God will in no wise cast out;
 As in a fiery chariot carried far
 Beyond myself; such language utterance gain'd.
 I hope I have not given offence: methinks
 A rising Joy, unlike whate'er I knew,
 Which warms my breast, and plays about my heart,
 Whispers I have not; and declares, that this
 Is that rich gift, that precious Faith; for which
 I made my supplication. Gracious God!
 How great thy Goodness, and how free the Love,
 That while I was requesting, could bestow
 The greatest blessing which thou hast to give,

To

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH. 97

To Man on Earth. Oh, how shall I express
My thankfulness? for here all language fails:
'Tis joy unspeakable, and full of Glory!
My spirits flame, I mount on eager wing:
My heart burns in me, and my soul's on fire.
Lend me thy chariot, Oh triumphant Faith!
Thou that with ease canst mount the blest abodes,
With satisfaction feast on future Joys,
And make a whole Eternity thy own;
Lend me thy Chariot, and thy Steeds of fire;
That mounting high above terrestrial things,
My ardent Soul may climb the noble height
Of Heav'n's eternal Throne, and find my God.
See where he sits enthron'd in dazzling light,
Temper'd with heav'nly mildness: on his brow
Sits kind compassion: see, he looks upon me
With condescending goodness: Oh my Soul!
He shines on thee, and smiles eternal Love.
Oh how I burn to meet him: how my heart
Exulting cries, my Saviour, and my God.
Oh how his glistening eyes upon me shine!
And how his earning bowels kindle mine:
Give way ye Angels that attend the Throne!
Let me approach, and make my passion known,
Let a poor Child of Dust his Incense bring!
With greater cause than you can boast, I sing;
A claim like mine his goodness ne'er deny'd;
You he created, but for me he dy'd.

O

EVAN-

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

Indeed, Evander, 'tis too much, and I
 Can bear no longer; that you should destroy
 Yourself and me in this determin'd way,
 Exceeds the worst that envy has to say.
 Three times the Sun has trac'd th'ætherial plain,
 Hath brought the months, the weeks, and days again.
 Since these uncommon troubles first begun;
 And still your thoughts the same sad circle run:
 Ever regardless how each season goes,
 Harden'd in grief, and brooding o'er your woes.
 It wounds my soul to hear you, day by day,
 Pour your complaint, and see you wear away:
 Once my delight and joy! but grown, alas!
 The shadow now, of what Evander was.

EVANDER.

When with rebukes for Sin, th'Almighty Pow'r
 Falls on our frame, it withers like a flower;
 But the chastis'd without one murmur'ing word
 Should bear the indignation of the Lord:
 Sure is his promise, and his word is past,
 That such correction shall not always last;
 For if his wrath should unremitting burn,
 And his reviving favour ne'er return,
 His heavy scourge would over life prevail,
 The broken spirit would before him fail,
 And Souls that he has made——

SYL

SYLVIA.

Such words as these,
I must confess, Evander! give me ease:
Never 'till now I heard you once suppose
It possible, you might out-live your woes;
But this great Promise rising on your mind,
Gives me to hope the Joy not far behind.
So when the morning star with silver ray,
Flames in the forehead of the rising day;
With growing joy we view the brightning skies,
And mark the point from which the Sun's to rise.

EVANDER.

The Sun is risen; and on his beamy throne
Nor cloud nor darkness lies. The storm's o'er-blown,
The Morning shines; serene is all the sky:
Love fills my heart; and all my soul is Joy.

SYLVIA.

Your words rejoice my soul, but yet surprise
For whence a change so sudden can arise
I can't discern.——

EVANDER.

From the supremely wise,
Father of Spirits, who attends their weal;
'Tis he that wounds, and he alone can heal:
He ends the glorious Work, whose hands begin,
None but the mighty God can pardon Sin.

O 2

STL-

SYLVIA.

As you declar'd when first these troubles rose,
 That nothing could your raging Griefs compose;
 But knowledge of forgiveness, much I fear'd
 You'd not attain it: but it hath appear'd
 I was mistaken: this great point is gain'd;
 But say, what means the happy end attain'd?

EVANDER.

The Great Redeemer; he whoever lives
 To favour burden'd Sinners, he who gives
 Pardon and Peace. 'Tis by his high Command,
 And lively Faith in him, that now I stand.
 In ways that claim my Wonder, he made known
 My Unbelief; and shew'd that this alone
 Was my Destroyer. Then he gave me pow'r
 To pray for Faith; and in that happy hour,
 While on my knees this Faith was kindly given,
 Swift on a sov'reign Promise wing'd from Heav'n.

SYLVIA.

With wild surprise I saw your strange distress;
 And your more strange deliverance claims no less:
 It must arise from some celestial Aid;
 For human Wisdom hath so oft assay'd,
 And oft been foil'd, no hope from thence remain'd.

EVANDER.

But my Redeemer soon, the conquest gain'd.
 To him my grateful Heart would Altars raise,
 But all my powers are feeble in his praise.

How

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH. 101

How shall I shew the glories of his face,
Or how relate the wonders of his Grace,
What thanks to him sufficient can I give,
Who saw me in my Blood, and bid me live?

SYLVIA.

In your just praises I most gladly join,
As your distress, so half your joys are mine :
Oh may they long continue ! but be wise ;
Restrain your rapture, moderate your joys ;
This World requires regard, which in the mind
That swells with rapture we not often find.

EVANDER.

May my Redeemer in whose matchless praise
I hope to spend the remnant of my days ;
Reign in my soul, direct each rising thought,
And teach me how to do the thing I ought.
But may my heart ne'er cold or careless prove :
Cleave to the World, and wander from his Love.
May he no more seem little in my eyes :
Oh for more Rapture ! oh for stronger Joys !
With heart enlarg'd before his Throne I bow,
Nor ever saw a glimpse of him till now :
But oh, how great he rises on my sight !
Breaking through darkness, all divinely bright.
So when thick woods the Wand'rer's feet invade,
And brown as evening over-hangs the shade ;
If some small crevice gives the solar ray,
And quivering pours the unexpected day,
Not Heav'n's fair Bow in brighter colours shines,
The Sun's red rays extend in painted lines,

He.

NO. 2 GRACE TRIUMPHANT

He throws around his variegated beams,
And o'er the shade with peerless glory streams.



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH.



The

The ARGUMENT.

Mezentus is surpris'd at the suddenness of the change in Evander's mind: however repugnant it appears to the established order of Nature, he will not allow it to arise from any higher Source. He calls on Evander to resume his Philosophical Studies. Evander declines it; and rejoices in that glorious Grace, which Mezentus despises.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH.

EVANDER. MEZENTUS.

EVANDER.

BUT let me guard with care against the errors
That rise from hot imagination. Stands
My Comfort late obtain'd, my Peace and Hope
On such a floating Base? are there no facts
That on a firm foundation may support
This rising building? does it only stand
Tow'ring in air and resting on the clouds?
Let me proceed with caution, and examine
The ground I stand upon. Not all the World
Should bribe me to give up the holy Joys
That warm my heart, if Reason owns them just;
And God's unerring Word joins to approve them.
But if they are no more than idle Dreams,
Children of Fancy in the flattering dress
Of self-deception! let them go for ever!
Then let me reason closely; Facts there are
And great and sure ones too, though far they lie
Retir'd from human sight! but in my Soul
Distinctly noted, and precisely known.
Known to the heart is its own bitterness,
Nor can a stranger meddle with its joy:
Late was my mind the drear abode of Sorrow,
Like the lone Desert, horrid, waste, and wild;
Haunted with Demons; beat with ceaseless storms,

P

And

106 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

And cover'd o'er with darkness. Now how chang'd!
 The cold bleak hollow wind no longer roars;
 A beamy Glory breaks through golden clouds;
 The thirsty waste receives refreshing streams,
 Pour'd unexpected from a thousand springs,
 Which gently murmur down the ragged Rocks,
 And the clear Crystal shines along the Vales:
 A sudden verdure rises: gay around
 Bloom the fresh flowers; and all the Desert smiles.
 Such is my Soul; and this amazing change
 Rose from one Promise fix'd upon my heart;
 One gracious Promise sounding through my Soul
 As by a Voice from Heav'n; and made my own:
 But like a chain, the Gospel-promises,
 Together link'd, the hand that reaches one
 Draws all the rest. So on my view I find
 The shining train in long succession rise
 With still increasing Glory, since the day
 When first by Heav'n enabled I laid hold
 On that great Promise. All my fears are fled
 In one bright moment; and the dreadful Horror
 That rent my Heart, I recollect with pleasure,
 Like one awaken'd from a frightful dream.
 Loud thund'ring Sinai bellows now no more,
 But all is hush and quiet. Peace and rest,
 Those long desired Strangers, now return;
 While calm, serene, and still, is all the region
 Where late the whirlwind drove, and tempest play'd.
 Such is the rest that the Believer finds:
 And such my Soul is thine. Return with joy
 Into the Peace which thy Redeemer gives;
 For bountifully hath he dealt with thee.

May

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH. 107

May each imagination be pull'd down ;
And every lofty thing that dares to rise
With exaltation bold against the Throne
Of thy Redeemer, and his Pow'r to save.
May ev'ry thought in low subjection bow
Before his regal Sceptre, and be made
His willing Captive ; for to him belongs
Salvation, Pow'r, Dominion, Glory, Praise,
And Adoration ; for he hath been slain !
And, oh my Soul ! Redeem'd thee by his Blood.

EVANDER. MEZENTUS.

MEZENTUS.

When the lost Pilot finds his vessel thrown,
At midnight watch, on rocks and shelves unknown ;
Up to the stars he lifts his anxious eyes,
With long impatience views the darksome skies ;
'Till faintly dawning while he restless raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
Impatient thus Evander ! and in pain,
Long have I watch'd thy rising, but in vain ;
While deep destructive sorrows on thee roll,
Like furling waves, and darken all thy Soul ;
But now at last my careful eye surveys
Some dawn of Joy, and hope of better days.

EVANDER.

Just are your thoughts, and shrewdly have you
guess'd ;
For Grief, the long sad native of my breast,

108 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

By the Redeemer's Pow'r is driv'n away,
As shadows fly before the rising day :
Driv'n instantaneous ! after tedious years,
And Joy, that welcome Stranger now appears.

MEZENTUS.

Tho' I rejoice in so desir'd a change,
To me its suddenness is vastly strange ;
Except some pow'rful cause could be assign'd
Equal to such effects.——

EVANDER.

The troubled mind
Material cause can neither loose nor bind :
Yet if all Nature could thus much command,
The Great Redeemer holds it in his hand.

MEZENTUS.

Nature's high King the great first moving Cause
So nicely calculated all her laws,
And firmly fix'd them ; that no aid she needs,
But every well adjusted plan succeeds :
To her he gave the pow'r of blis or woe,
And leaves to her his government below :
The way she takes is oft to us unknown,
Yet is the operative power her own :
In Nature's hand all our assistance lies ;
The man that will not own her is not wise.
But if through second causes as is just,
Your tender piety regards the first,
With ready heart I join your grateful voice,
And in your late recover'd peace rejoice.

But

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH. 109

But since your heavy griefs, and long dismay
Have check'd our studies ; let us not delay,
Now let our thoughts the pleasing task pursue,
Explore each cause, and search Creation through,
Together let our spirits mount on high,
And sing of Nature with unceasing joy.

EVANDER.

These hidden depths let those who may, explore,
But such researches please my soul no more ;
Though noble is the song, and just the praise
When all Creating Wisdom fires our lays,
Yet in my mind far other themes take place,
And all my song is now, Triumphant Grace.

MEZENTUS.

With grief I learn by these fanatic strains,
A touch of your disorder still remains :
But time will wear it off.——

EVANDER.

Oh never may,
The fatal time arrive, that takes away
The holy Joys that in my bosom move ;
And weans my heart from my Redeemer's Love.

MEZENTUS.

The happy Man to love of Virtue brought,
By Nature prompted, and by Reason taught ;
Burns with no rapture, feels no fierce desire,
Nor ever knew enthusiastic fire :

While

110 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

While Bigots blind, from Reason's guidance broke,
Like meteors flame, but soon dissolve in smoke;
He, like a star that gilds th'Ætherial way,
Steady and strong emits his native ray,
While calmly he pursues the thing that's right,
And takes in doing good his chief delight:
This is the Man that gains immortal praise,
He loves the best that steadily obeys.

EVANDER.

More happy now, and ever will he prove,
To whom the Lord reveals his pard'ning love:
Long had he groan'd beneath the load of Guilt,
And saw how weak his Hopes on Virtue built,
Bewail'd his numerous sins, with trembling awe,
And hop'd no more Salvation by the law;
But lost in darkness, every step he trod,
He call'd in earnest on th'incarnate God!
The God attends, and from the bending sky
Descends in Love, and fills his soul with Joy;
Pardons his sins, the greater and the less;
And blazes forth the Lord his Righteousness.
Then flames the Soul with love: then he obeys
With all his heart; and basking in the rays
Of his Redeemer, feels the growing flame;
And dwells among the Followers of the Lamb.

MEZENTUS.

May the eternal, all-supporting Mind,
Defend that Reason which himself assign'd;
Give me his works with pleasure to explore,
Preserve my Virtue; and I ask no more.

What

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH. **111**

What you describe I know not : nor desire
To know such sorrows, or to feel such fire.
To reas'ning clear serener joys belong ;
And Nature teaches a sublimer song.

EVANDER.

Thus when malignant fevers fire the brain,
The patient lies insensible of pain :
To prudent management he stiffly bends,
Nor thanks th'officious pity of his friends,
But half enrag'd his helpless state denies,
Nor feels the dire disease by which he dies.

THE EIGHTH BOOK

What was the first I perceived, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
And I was not a little long

THE EIGHTH BOOK

The first I perceived, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
And I was not a little long

The first I perceived, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
And I was not a little long

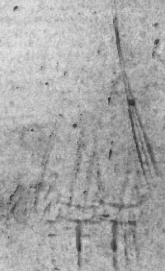
The first I perceived, nor did I know
To know such things, nor did I know
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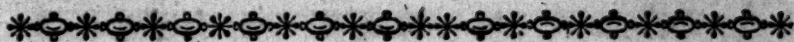
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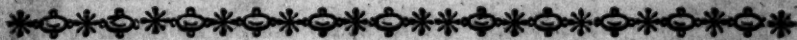
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GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the NINTH.



Q

The

The ARGUMENT.

Evander having by Letter informed Aeneas of his happy deliverance, he rejoices with him in his Joy; and gives such advice thereupon as is proper to be observed by those that have experienced the Power, and known the Glory of the Grace of God.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the NINTH.

EVANDER. AE NEAS.

EVANDER.

WHEN Israel's God from Shinar's servile plains
Brought his redeem'd, deliver'd from their Chains,
As o'er Euphrates' rapid stream they pass'd,
And their rejoicing eyes around them cast,
So high their transport rises at the view
The heart high-beating scarce believes it true:
But soon their songs amongst the Heathen rise,
And Great Jehovah's praises shake the skies.
So my glad heart just rising from her fears,
Her noblest song to the Redeemer rears:
But when I ask why thus he favours me?
My baffled Reason cries, it ne'er can be.

AE NEAS.

Almighty Grace to Reason will not bend,
Not Nature's brightest Pow'rs can comprehend
The ways of God. He takes whoe'er he will,
From Nature's waste, and brings to Zion-hill.
With Wrath he drives them, or with Love he draws,
But gives not haughty Man to know the cause:
Yet sure not one amongst the ransom'd Race
Hath greater cause to sing Redeeming Grace
Than has my Friend. My warmest thanks are due
For your Epistle, where so fully you

Q?

Relate

116 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Relate the whole.—

EVANDER.

May Heav'n's incarnate King
Enlarge my heart, and teach me how to sing;
Exalt my grov'ling thoughts, inspire my lays,
Fire all my soul, and fill me with his praise;
For ne'er before beheld his gracious smile,
A wretch so obstinate, or one so vile.

ÆNEAS.

Such self abasement more or less takes place,
In every Subject of all-conquering Grace:
For when the Winds of heav'nly Favour blow
Man's pride is humbled, loftiness laid low,
And Christ alone exalted. But my Friend!
He does not always kindly condescend
To give such joys as yours: or to remove
Our terrors thus, or thus reveal his Love.

EVANDER.

The greater Reason have I then to raise
My noblest song; and pour my soul in praise.
But never, never may my rapture speak,
What may discourage, or offend the Weak.

ÆNEAS.

In this conclusion you are rightly taught,
And follow the example that you ought.
As some fair shepherd on th' enamel'd plain
With tender care regards his fleecy train,
The pregnant mother gently leads along,
And in his bosom nourishes the young,

Provides

DIALOGUE the NINTH. 117

Provides their pasture, all their want attends,
His conduct leads them, and his arm defends :
So Heav'n's great Shepherd all his people leads
Through flow'ry fields and ever-verdant meads ;
Each in his kind regard may claim a share ;
But still the weak are his peculiar care.
His watchful eye explores where'er they roam ;
The lost he finds, and brings the Wanderer home :
The sick His goodness heals, the fallen rears,
Tho' prone to unbelief, and full of fears.

EVANDER.

Thy worth, Immanuel, far exceeds our praise ;
Great are thy works, and wise are all thy ways ;
With growing joy thy generous Love we see ;
And all thy mighty Father shines in thee.

ÆNEAS.

This peerless Person, our exalted King,
Gives a new song, and teaches you to sing.
But 'midst surrounding dangers still you stand,
Far from his throne, and distant from his land
Dwell in the tents that to his foes belong,
And in the howling desert raise your song :
But when elate with joy our spirits run :
Perhaps too soon we think the vict'ry won.
Thus vernal Suns in early strength array'd,
Refulgent gleam along the leafless shade,
Reviving rays amongst the warblers cast,
And make them sing before the winter's past.

EVAN.

118 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

EVANDER.

Though in my way embattled squadrons lie,
My King has conquer'd, and through him shall I:
Strong in his strength I go that fills the throne,
Mention his righteousness, and his alone:
'Tis thus the Man that knows his Grace proceeds,
And sure of Glory, dares immortal Deeds.

ÆNEAS.

When these effects, these genuine fruits appear,
Both Heav'n and Earth confess the work sincere:
But vile the Wretch! how stupid! and how blind!
The jest of Hell! the scorn of all mankind!
Whose putrid Heart such gross conception breeds,
As to suppose that Vice's baneful weeds
Will grow from Faith's fair root: As easy may
Meridian darkness stain the morning ray;
Or with black pitch the glassy fountain blend,
As lively Faith to foul pollution tend:
Her lucid dews with no such poison feed;
But happier harvests crown th'immortal Seed.

EVANDER.

From Day's great King the streaming radiance flows
As Æther pure, and white as virgin snows;
And where he brightly shines all grosser fires
Shrink from his beam, and soon their rage retires:
So are the Beams of Grace that heav'nly flame;
Pure as the kindred skies from whence they came;
And when, upon the human heart, they turn,
Nature's polluted fires no longer burn.

ÆNEAS

ÆNEAS.

Yet not extinct the latent mischief lies ;
But like the flame that thus o'erpower'd dies ;
Waits but the absence of the stronger rays
To rise afresh, and spread its gathering blaze :
Soon the Old Man asserts his ancient cause,
And shakes the Christian, when his God withdraws.

EVANDER.

Not far remote the Deity removes ;
But soon returning owns the soul he loves :
The cloud withdraws, the cleansing rays return,
Flame out afresh, and with fresh glory burn.

ÆNEAS.

As the transparent spring itself refines,
Works off all filth, and with fresh Chrystal shines :
So in the Soul that the Redeemer knows
A well of living water springing flows :
Nature's oft-rising filth it clears away ;
And leads unerring to eternal Day.

EVANDER.

So in my soul may Grace Triumphant reign ;
May the clear Fountain purge off every stain ;
May the fair Prize my rising Hopes survey
Lead me with joy along the heav'nly way ;
The way of Holiness ; that road to Bliss,
Which, though a Fool, the Trav'ler shall not miss.

ÆNEAS

130 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

ÆNEAS.

The Man that's thus enabled will not fail,
 But over all the pow'rs of Hell prevail:
 Strong in Jehovah's Might he conquering goes,
 Dares ev'ry danger, bears down all his Foes,
 Victorious treads the paths of Old Renown,
 And surely gains his high immortal crown,
 Tho' Hell may rage, and Earth upon him frown: }
 The Grace receiv'd, 'a sure foundation lays,
 And spreads a glory over all his ways.
 So when the blust'ring north his forces forms,
 And rolls across the Heav'ns a waste of storms,
 If thro' some broken cloud the Sun's bright beams
 Dart heav'nly fire, and forth the Monarch streams,
 Whatever darkness lies across his way,
 Or storms obscure the remnant of the day,
 Far as the heav'nly arch appears in sight,
 Along the cloud there shines a trail of light.

EVANDER.

Oh thou blest Harbinger, thou Pow'r Divine,
 That hast enlighten'd this dark Soul of mine,
 Support that gladness which thy beams inspire,
 And make my soul ascend on wings of fire.
 Give me thy dictates smoothly to impart,
 To please the mind, and steal into the heart;
 From grov'ling themes the fond attention raise,
 And teach the wond'ring world Immanuel's Praise.

ÆNEAS

ÆNEAS.

High in the Heav'ns the filial Godhead stands,
And smiling issues forth his great commands;
Hear, all my servants! by my Grace you live,
Freely ye have receiv'd, and freely give;
Pour out the copious stream to all that thirst,
The last that comes is welcome as the first.
Ye Sons of Grace observe the great command,
And spread the living waters o'er the land,
Throw wide the streams that heal all human woe,
The sluices clear, and bid the fountain flow:
The crescent Moon thus gilds the infant night,
Full-orb'd she grows, and drinks a tide of light;
Then round the sky she throws the silver store,
And swift to Day's full fountain runs for more.

EVANDER.

May the great God that once I durst despise
Still in my view with brighter glories rise;
Give me for him to bear reproach and shame,
And boldly to the world confess his name;
Though Earth and Hell unite with ceaseless roar,
Still may I love, and still rejoice the more:
Ne'er be ashamed to own my native loss;
Nor stumble at the doctrine of the Cross.

ÆNEAS.

Nature's gay offspring ne'er with smiling face,
Nor kind regard behold the Sons of Grace:
In the proud heart eternal rancour reigns,
Till chang'd by Grace, the enmity remains:

R

Hell's

122 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Hell's hateful Monarch strives these fires to feed
 And stain, with foul reproach, the heav'nly seed:
 But let us not regard them with dismay,
 The God that leads us is more strong than they:
 Strong in his might, and trusting in his aid,
 We face the storm; and scorn to be afraid.
 Thus Albion's rocky shore unmov'd abides
 The full-mouth'd tempest, and the babbling tides,
 Successive ages braves the stormy main,
 And all the vast Atlantic roars in vain.

EVANDER.

Ye sons of Zion glory in your King;
 No longer sorrowing sit, but rise and sing:
 Listen, ye vernal Winds, while Zion sings,
 And bear her song upon your spicy wings;
 Ye skies receive it rising from the ground,
 And carry round the Globe the joyful sound;
 Return, O Echo, the resounding Tide,
 And roll the strain along the mountain side;
 Kindle, ye Mountains, at the heav'nly flame,
 Lift up your aged heads, and shout Immanuel's Name.



F I N I S.